

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE meeting of the Imperial Conference on Wednesday was important. Every Dominion representative reaffirmed the importance of Empire Preference, and in more than one instance made definite proposals; even the Liberal Press admitted that it will be impossible in future to suggest that "no offer has come from the Colonies."

Mr. Bennett, the Canadian Prime Minister, while rejecting, as was anticipated, Empire Free Trade as an impossible policy—it has, I think, been advocated as an ideal approximating towards freer trade rather than as a concrete policy—was emphatic as to the urgency of Preference; Mr. Scullin, from Australia, was equally clear. The representatives of New Zealand, South Africa, and

the Irish Free State followed suit, while India stated, through a British mouthpiece, her own special position.

In reply, Mr. Thomas was conciliatory but vague, and his so-called "masterly" survey of Empire trade was hopelessly at sea in his account of our trade with Canada. He said that we import from the Dominion £46,000,000 and export to the Dominion £35,000,000—a difference of £11,000,000, which he emphasized. The fact is that Canada sent us in 1929 roughly £86,000,000 worth of goods and took from us £39,000,000 worth—a difference of £47,000,000! Mr. Thomas has apparently mistaken the difference for the whole, and so minimized the "favour" to Canada by more than 75 per cent. Is it on such shipshod official calculations that Empire trade relations depend?

**ARNOLD BENNETT:** "'David Golder' is exceedingly dramatic, exceedingly well done: It held me throughout."

**David Golder**

CONSTABLE By IRENE NEMIROVSKY 6s. net CONSTABLE

Apart from the grosser statistical inaccuracies of Mr. Thomas, it is impossible to find any definite lead or policy in his words; and this, coupled with Mr. MacDonald's previous statement at the Labour Conference, seems sufficient to show that Mr. Snowden's fiat has been accepted by the Cabinet.

The offer has been made. It will not be rejected in so many words; but an alternative proposal will be put forward, in the shape of bulk purchases and import boards—in other words, State trading. The world will wait with interest for the definite policy which these hints portend. But the underlying idea has already been condemned in advance by New Zealand. It would be unwise to expect anything definite in the shape of reciprocal trade agreements from the Imperial Conference.

The airship disaster raises difficult questions for the Government. Apart from his natural grief at the loss of a cheery friend, Mr. MacDonald is bound to find Lord Thomson difficult to replace both in Cabinet and in the House of Lords. His weight in private counsel can, of course, only be evaluated by his colleagues, but he was a real asset to the Ministry in its weakest place—the right side of the Woolsack.

It remains to be seen whether the Government will decide to replace the R 101 by another craft. But there can be no doubt that the successful inauguration of an air line to India, with the hope of its speedy extension to Australia, would have appealed powerfully to the popular imagination both here and in the Dominions, and the Labour Government would rightly have obtained some credit for its foresight in 1924 and its activity in 1930.

Nobody, of course, would dream of criticizing the Government because a legitimate experiment has unwittingly turned out disastrously. But it is obvious that the post-war Labour mind, like the pre-war Liberal mind, in its revulsion from tariffs and economic agreements as instruments of Imperial unity, has explored alternative avenues which it was hoped would lead to the same end of closer co-operation, in order to oppose a positive policy with something more than a mere negation. In the result the Labour Empire policy could be summarized as improved communications, imperial secretariat, and import boards.

There was something to be said for this standpoint—the farther Dominions in particular were supporters of the airship which, if successful, would have halved the time of transit for mails and passengers to Australia. But it now appears that, if this is to be done within reasonable time, it must be done by aeroplane and not by airship, and an achievement which the Government had naturally hoped to present to the Imperial Conference has unhappily come to nothing.

In view of the R 101 disaster, it seems quite certain that the Government will have to prohibit any future flights of airships over great cities. I

saw the ill-fated vessel flying over London last week, and she was then so low that had anything happened to her it would have been impossible to avert a frightful holocaust, with terrible loss of life among the spectators in the streets below.

To crash in the open country is bad enough, but at least it involves only the actual passengers and crew. A crash in the streets of a crowded town would lead to an irresistible demand for laws that would probably cripple the progress of human flight for a century.

A naval officer writes: "On Saturday night the airship passed over Sussex groaning and growling against the storm. I jumped out of bed, and to my amazement estimated her to be less than a hundred yards up. Every light was brilliantly visible. As she bucked towards Hastings I noticed that the tops of the trees stood between me and her. I decided she was in difficulties then and there."

While that experienced mountaineer, Sir Martin Conway, is discussing the habits of sheep in relation to the Conservative Party and its more or less lost leader, it is interesting to note that these difficulties of policy and organization are by no means singular. If the Right now consists of three parties, who sometimes fight the enemy and sometimes fight each other, so also is the Left divided into three. No doubt they are all parties of progress, but the trouble is that they all want to progress in different directions.

At the by-election now pending in Yorkshire, for example, by way of a change there is only one Conservative candidate, but the electors find themselves courted by a Liberal, a Socialist, and a Communist. What exactly are the differences between Pink, Puce, and Red in Shipley escapes me, but it is at least an interesting reminder that these troubles are not confined to one side of politics. The test of relative strength in a fairly typical north-country urban district should be interesting.

The Liberal Party have chosen the present moment, for no apparent reason, to publish a manifesto on the troubles of the times and the Liberal remedy for the present discontents. These are in effect an affirmation of Free Trade as before, a demand for Proportional Representation, a system of National Development, and a drastic revision of Unemployment Relief. In addition, and for obvious reasons, there is a protest against the principle of a dissolution whenever the Government is defeated in the House of Commons.

This last shows that the Liberal Party is still animated by the principle of self-preservation; but the proposal for drastic revision of Unemployment Relief, though admirable in itself, recalls the inglorious tactics of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons on this and other matters last session. So long as the Liberal Party is afraid to vote against the Government on crucial questions of policy, so long will its manifestos fall on stony ground.



Since the German elections, events on the Continent have been moving fast, and the Hitlerite successes have been a signal for a general orientation to the Right. The meeting between MM. Tardieu and Poincaré was followed the very next day by a hostile demonstration against M. Briand on his return from Geneva, and unless the unexpected happens, the end of the latter's long term of office at the Quai d'Orsay seems to be in sight.

If, as is widely rumoured, M. Poincaré is to become the Foreign Minister of France, the Locarno policy will be clearly at an end. Unfortunately, however, the document upon which it was based will still exist, so that this country may easily find itself called upon to fulfil its engagements, and that in very different circumstances from those that were originally contemplated. It is not a pleasant prospect, especially while our foreign policy is controlled by an amiable nonentity like Uncle Arthur.

Meanwhile, Italy has made another advance towards the hegemony of the Balkans by a matrimonial alliance with Bulgaria. In short, the idealistic diplomacy of the post-war era is becoming strangely discredited, and in England alone is its prestige apparently still unimpaired. How long this last state of affairs will endure I should not like to prophesy, but while our home politics continue unreal it is useless to expect our foreign policy to be based upon facts.

The political situation in Brazil appears, at any rate from the conflicting reports which reach England from the various provinces, to have become definitely worse rather than better. Both the Government and the revolutionaries claim successes, and in so vast a country it is at least possible that both may be telling the truth. The movement is obviously part of the great revolutionary wave which is affecting the whole of South America, but the general situation remains obscure.

The fact that the Indian Government has decided on a punitive expedition against the Afridis will do more than anything to restore British prestige on the North-West Frontier. Peace in our time has not been a vast success at home, but in the East it simply spells disaster. A correspondent in Peshawar informs me that the main reason for hesitation on the part of the government was expense, for the military authorities insisted that success—at any price—was vital, and that half-measures were worse than none at all. That the expedition can achieve its end is as certain as that night follows day; the only danger is that the peace pundits here at home may interfere—a possibility that the Afridis will certainly reckon upon.

General Sir Robert Cassels, who is to command the expedition, is one of the most promising of the Indian generals. A daring and keen cavalry officer, he served during the Great War in Mesopotamia with distinction; indeed, in the ordinary course of events, as the Commander-in-Chief is

selected alternately from the British and the Indian army, General Cassels should be well in the running to become General Chetwode's successor.

When the Lambeth Conference recently advised the Church of England to adopt a different attitude towards birth-control, it was obvious that other churches would sooner or later have to define their position on that contentious subject. The various Nonconformist bodies have not yet, so far as I am aware, given any corporate sign either of assent or dissent to the Lambeth pronouncement—possibly because it lies rather outside the traditional ethical range of those denominations—but Cardinal Bourne has stated the position of Rome with clarity and precision.

It is, as everybody must have anticipated, the exact opposite of the 1930 Lambeth position; while, so far as one can judge from the necessarily abbreviated report in the daily papers, the Cardinal ignores rather than contradicts the mass of sociological work on population which presumably the Anglican clergy had in mind when framing their resolution. That is to say, his standpoint is simply that the absolute law of God overrides any relative considerations to the contrary put forward by man.

Stated in that form, the proposition probably sounds a little old-fashioned; but my purpose at the moment is not to criticize either side, but merely to define the difference between Rome and Canterbury. The 1930 Lambeth position, on the other hand, appears to be that the command to multiply was not absolute but relative to the population of the earth at the time.

That is, I think, a fair representation of a real difference in first principles. So far as the ordinary man is concerned, the question is likely to be argued out along medical and physiological lines—in these Laodicean days a layman may be forgiven for the admission that theology is not his strong point—but the Churches can hardly leave the controversy where it is.

Even women's fashions have their compensations. Now that history is repeating itself, and that skirts are lengthening with the lengthening days of peace, those who lament the passing of the short skirt and who fear, before long, never to see again a shapely ankle, are directing their attention to the sleeve. Is the arm, too, to be concealed? One artist hopes not, for he tells me that a shapely arm is rarer than a shapely leg, and that a shapely knee is so rare as to be miraculous.

The Maritime Exhibition, or *Feria del Mar*, which is being held at San Sebastian, does not, I am informed, contain a single British exhibit on its fifty-eight stands, and although the French Ambassador is on the Committee of Honour, the only British representative is the local honorary Vice-Consul. All our competitors for the supply of ships' equipment are well to the fore, and their enterprise is in striking contrast with our lack of it.

## THE FUTURE OF THE AIRSHIP

THE dreadful fate of R 101 has dwarfed every other event of the week. The work of years lost in a few hours, the experts and their store of knowledge gone, the hopes of gallant men wrecked while they slept, the expectations of friends and countrymen turned into mourning: these are the grim stark elements of tragedy and terror.

But when the first shock was over, and the scraps of evidence relating to the fatal flight began to accumulate, men began to ask questions, and to realize that it was their duty to ask questions. Was the disaster due to some human failure on board? Was it due to some defect of design? Or was it due to some weakness inherent in this type of craft? If the trouble arose from the first or second cause, it could be remedied. If from the third, it could not, and the whole field of lighter-than-air craft would have to be abandoned.

It will be, of course, the business of an official enquiry to probe these questions to the bottom. Much depends on them, and it would be ridiculous to pretend to answer them now, before the materials for the inquest are fully assembled, and when some of the reports are obviously self-contradictory and untrustworthy. Several points are, however, already sufficiently obvious, and we have no hesitation in drawing attention to them.

As to the question of human failure on board, the country will want quite definitely to know certain things. Airships are still in the experimental stage, and the R 101 was to make an experimental voyage through the tropics. Her trials appear to have been short and few, and on those trials she appeared to fly very low. Was her commander fully satisfied of the airworthiness of his craft in the variety of the conditions he was to face? Was he satisfied with her altitude over London a few days earlier? Was he satisfied that the ship could not only face the Indian Ocean and the desert, but a gale over the English Channel and France? A gale warning was broadcast an hour or so before the cast-off at Cardington; was the captain still satisfied at the last moment that his vessel was equal to the task before him?

Again there is a consensus of opinion that throughout her last voyage R 101 was travelling very low, at Hitchin, at Hastings, and at Beauvais. This was, it is true, lay opinion, and lay opinion is apt to be deceived as to altitude. But from the fact that no order to reverse engines was given after Beauvais, and that even the order to reduce speed was only given at the last moment, too late to be executed, it is obvious that the navigating staff did not suspect any immediate danger from the ground. Since they must have had a contour map of France, and they were informed of their position a few minutes before the ship struck, it must be concluded, in the absence of definite evidence to the contrary, that they were unaware of their nearness to the earth. It is true that it was a dark night, and that country hills are not lit. But in view of the fact that the margin of safety was manifestly insufficient, was the altimeter trustworthy?

Many other points arise over the problem of design. The questions of stability, raised by vessels in motion, are extraordinarily complex, and it certainly cannot be said that the experience of

airships is sufficiently large to answer them exhaustively. Unlike a steam or sailing ship, which travels in two mediums of water and air and must compromise with both to keep its course, an airship only has to deal, at least in theory, with the one medium of air, through which it can, if necessary, drift. But the R 101 appears to have been seen broadside on, as if it were either attempting to fight a rising gale, or had got across it. In that case the advantage of its streamlines would be nil, and the disadvantage of its long hull would be enormous. Moreover, in a gale of heavy driving rain, it was not in fact contending with the one medium of air, but with water as well; and the weight of the rain which hit the ship must be multiplied by the impact on its weather side. Was this allowed for in the theoretical calculations? Further, did the rain run off the surface, like a wave off a vessel which has shipped a sea, or did it remain as dead-weight on the roof? In that case, does not a question arise as to the upper shape of these craft? Should they not be built more like the roof of a house, with steeper angles to facilitate the rain running off at once, in order not to lose altitude? The loss of altitude so caused, combined with a following cross wind driving downwards, would lower the ship's bows, and cause her to strike the little hill outside Beauvais at a cruising speed estimated at 40 m.p.h. × the gross weight of ship, fuel, and accumulated rain on her skin. These two causes, in combination with the apparent unawareness of danger (as evidenced by the published log and the absence of orders to stop the engine), appear to be sufficient to account for the loss of the ship.

It may be, then, that the disaster was due not to one major cause, but to several minor causes in combination. Some of these are obviously remediable: the altimeter is apparently far from being a perfect instrument, the shape of the upper fabric may need revision in view of the danger of downward squalls and heavy rain. But there remains another technical engineering point: long non-stop flights demand many tons of fuel, which in itself makes altitude difficult at the start. Was the ship over-loaded at the beginning, or was she under-engined?

These are but a few of the various considerations which suggest themselves, and which have to be probed to the bottom before we can even attempt a final answer to the question whether the airship is anything but a fair-weather craft for peace service. Much depends upon the answer, for the Empire and the world at large; and for our part, and in spite of this disaster, we are inclined to believe that the airship has a future, and that it will in the end prove a useful means of communication. But we would add that the programme of progress appears to have been too ambitious, and that it might be better for the time being to build smaller ships for shorter flights, and to regard the whole matter as still in the experimental stage. Knowledge and mastery will come by degrees, and not by these spectacular methods which have involved so melancholy a loss of gallant lives in the service of science and their country. We mourn for the brave, but even as we mourn we salute them in the hope and the belief that their work will not be entirely lost.



## LONDON TRAFFIC AND THE BUREAUCRATS

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about the Government's London Traffic scheme, published in outline last week, is the manner of its reception. It is not merely proposed to hand over the whole of the underground railway system, the trams, and the omnibus services in the Metropolitan area to a single body, but also to place the combined system under public ownership and control. This represents State Socialism, and can also be used as a very powerful argument for the nationalization of the trunk railways. State Socialism may or may not be a good thing in itself; under existing conditions it is at times inevitable; but it is somewhat curious that that large section of the Press which is opposed on principle to nationalization and the extension of bureaucratic control should welcome this particular project without reservation.

The dominant London traffic problem is that of highway congestion. Unification of the surface and underground transport agencies has much in its favour, and co-ordination of facilities under the control of a single authority has been advocated for years and has received general approval. But it does not seem clear how the present scheme will relieve congestion, which is primarily due to two causes: London's thoroughfares, in common with those of all other great cities, are far too narrow to accommodate the volume of traffic which they are called on to handle, and the superior speed of mechanical transport is largely nullified by the presence of horsed vehicles.

Obviously no Traffic Authority or Government department can tackle the first of these aspects; the only remedy is wholesale rebuilding, at a fantastically prohibitive cost. Nor can a Traffic Authority whose powers extend only to public transport exercise any measure of control over those private carriers who still rely on horse traction. That is, unless the new Authority be invested with a very large measure of the powers of the New Despotism, and thus be entitled, for instance, to order the railway companies and the large stores to substitute motor lorries for their horsed delivery vans. It is extremely important to envisage such a possibility, since under the new traffic regulations drawn up by the Minister of Transport his department has been accorded a very considerable measure of latitude. "The Minister may" do this; "The Minister may" do that. Clearly, not only the constitution but also the powers of the new Traffic Authority will require very close watching in the interests of the public.

The public has already had a somewhat lengthy experience of the manner in which bureaucracy interferes with the free development of London traffic. That bureaucratic control has manifested itself in such ways as driving carriers off the roads in areas where every possible facility is needed and in re-arranging routes and stopping places to the immense inconvenience of the public (as, for instance, the wholesale withdrawal of through omnibus services along the main artery between the Bank and Shepherd's Bush). Also, although for this the Ministry of Transport is not to blame, we have archaic legal restrictions which prevent a motor-coach passenger from hailing a vehicle

that passes his door, and compel him to journey possibly some miles to the starting-point of the service. On the other hand, our bureaucrats still permit such a crowning absurdity as allowing motor omnibuses and lorries with trailers to use Bond Street at all hours of the day. The result is that it often takes three or four times as long to traverse that thoroughfare by vehicle as to walk from end to end.

Apart from the fact that one of the main results of the Government scheme will be to stifle healthy and natural competition, there is the trifling question of finance. Owing to the fact that the precise figures of the expenditure on the municipal tramways concerned are not available, the total capital sum involved cannot yet be stated with any reasonable approach to accuracy. But on a conservative estimate the aggregate is over a hundred million pounds. That is a very much larger figure than was involved in the setting up of either the Metropolitan Water Board or the Port of London Authority, and the earnings of any unified transport system will be subject to a heavy annual fixed charge. No reference at all is made to this matter in the memorandum issued last week by Mr. Herbert Morrison. It is, of course, among the questions which Parliament will have to tackle when the Minister introduces his Bill, but if the debates on the Railways Act, 1921, be any criterion there is a possibility that inadequate time will be allowed for discussing a very complicated and far-reaching measure. There would not appear to be any danger that shareholders in the existing private companies will be badly treated, but the extent to which the public, either as ratepayers, or as travellers, or in both capacities, may have to foot the bill is another matter.

The proposed powers of the new Authority will certainly demand the closest scrutiny. There is also the important question of the suburban sections of the main lines. These are excluded from the scheme, a foregone conclusion, in view of the fact that they are not self-contained units, but form an inseparable part of the trunk lines. But Mr. Morrison, after emphasizing that the Government does not contemplate change of ownership, refers to the possibility of arrangements which "would enable the suburban lines to discharge their proper function in a fully correlated scheme of transport." That is so vague that it may mean anything or nothing, but if it mean anything its primary significance may lie in the fact that any arrangement which brought the suburban lines under the control of the London Traffic Authority could subsequently constitute a very good halfway house to railway nationalization.

## THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE FOREIGN RELATIONS

BY RICHARD JEBB

SINCE the war the League of Nations has profoundly affected the Imperial Conference. Within its own sphere the League has already officially detached the Dominions and even India from the British Empire. Its partisans resent the suggestion of a Britannic "group unit" at Geneva, or that the

Imperial Conference should meet before the Assembly with a view to concerted action there. If the League has its way the Britannic commonwealth, and with it the Imperial Conference, becomes a mere *nominis umbra*. So a going concern, which had proved able to protect the liberties of the Britannic States in the greatest trial, would be sacrificed to an international experiment, which to many appears founded on illusion, and has yet to be tested in a real crisis.

It has become a rule that the triennial or quadrennial session of the Imperial Conference should be held just after the annual meeting of the Assembly, in order that Dominion delegates may attend at Geneva on their way to London. The result has sometimes been that they have come to the Imperial Conference doped with the Geneva atmosphere. But their conceit of "full international status," which is inconsistent with any legal principle of Britannic unity, has hitherto been balanced by a vicarious pride in Britain's prestige at Geneva, and also an acute sense of the continuing risks of war in Europe, into which, in spite of the Covenant, they do not intend to be drawn. So we find that generally at the Conference they formally "approve" our European policies, but will not admit any responsibility for the consequences.

If the Britannic commonwealth is to survive, it can only be by adopting a common policy of non-interference in Europe, thereby aligning itself with the United States. Together these two naval Powers could do more than any paper league of "fifty nations" to ensure peace, standing aloof from European squabbles but prepared to intervene on their own judgment in emergency, and meanwhile offering moral support to European union. The session of the Imperial Conference is the opportunity for progress or retrogression on this line of world policy. What are the prospects this time? What will have been the psychological effect at Geneva of the recent German elections? At any rate Mr. Bennett and his colleagues, coming straight from Canada, have escaped the dope.

Discussion of foreign relations at the Imperial Conference has tended to become more and more unreal, as the doctrine of "diplomatic unity" has waned. After the war it was assumed that there would continue to be a single foreign policy for the Empire, but henceforth framed by the Governments collectively. While a Dominion Government might be the executive agent of the Empire policy in its own neighbourhood, it was recognized that further afield the agent would normally be the British Government, by virtue of its established naval power and diplomatic machinery. In accordance with this theory a system was built up in Downing Street, and still goes on, of supplying the Dominion governments with continuous information by mail and cable as to the trend of affairs abroad and the consequent developments of British foreign policy. But this system, which was meant to be the basis of consultation and concerted policy, has gradually come to be regarded as information merely, the reception of which involves no responsibility. Hence we may ask why the British taxpayer should go on providing a superfluous service. In particular the Free State, South Africa, and also Canada under the late regime, claim to conduct their own foreign policies quite independently of other Britannic States, acknowledging no duty of consultation except—just as between friendly foreign countries—in cases where a particular policy directly affects the others. On the other hand, Australia and New Zealand have not tried to repudiate "diplomatic unity." The Balfour report of 1926 was ingeniously worded so as to sanction either doctrine. But now that the subsequent committee has presented a report which, by demanding legislation, brings to a head the underlying conflict between the principles of unity and independence, the question of actual responsibility for foreign policy can hardly be evaded any longer.

In the meantime the two groups of Dominions have been taking certain steps, the one quietly, the other noisily, to give effect to the respective doctrines. Without making any fuss Australia and New Zealand have been experimenting with liaison arrangements, Australia by sending an official to sit in the Foreign Office, and New Zealand by receiving a representative of that department to sit in her own department of External Affairs. The idea is that by having someone on the inside to look at things from its own angle the Dominion Government will be surer of getting the precise information it would need in order to exert its influence usefully at critical times—for example, the proposed Egyptian treaty as affecting the defence of the Suez Canal. In both Dominions satisfaction has been expressed with the working of the experiment.

Very ostentatiously the other group have been busy appointing Ministers to represent them independently at foreign capitals, the Irish Free State leading the way, with Canada and South Africa following. It will suffice to consider the Canadian examples. These have at least some appearance of practical utility, whereas the others look like the mere flaunting of separatism. So far Canada has appointed diplomatic representatives at Washington, Paris and Tokyo. The case for having one at Washington was certainly strong, the greater part of the British Embassy's business being concerned with Canadian affairs. In the original proposal, agreed to by Sir Robert Borden in 1920, it was emphasized that there would be "no departure from the principle of diplomatic unity." The Canadian "Minister Plenipotentiary," while taking his instructions from Ottawa and reporting direct to Ottawa, was to be associated with the British Ambassador; and in the absence of the latter he was to take entire charge of the Embassy, looking after Imperial as well as Canadian interests. This proposal clearly pointed to the future possibility of Canada taking charge permanently, with a British second-in-command to handle Britain's business. But nothing had been done by the time Mr. MacKenzie King became Prime Minister. Frightened by the vision of Canada acting for the Empire, he insisted on appointing a Minister Plenipotentiary altogether apart from the British Embassy—a demonstration of multiple monarchy as against the single Crown.

This experiment does not seem wholly successful so far. As regards purely Canadian interests, the dispute about the St. Lawrence waterway still drags on. In connexion with the sensational incident of the Canadian rum-runner *I'm Alone*, which involved wide issues of maritime rights, the case does not seem to have been well handled prior to arbitration, though the British Ambassador gave every assistance to his independent colleague. Turning to a still broader aspect, we were always told that, since "Providence has made Canada a liaison nation," her Minister at Washington would be a great factor in bringing the British and American peoples into better understanding of each other. Alas! within the past few years we have suffered more American abuse than ever, what with naval suspicions and the Gandhi campaign.

There was a pointed discussion at Ottawa two years ago on the proposal to exchange Ministers with Japan, setting up a Canadian legation at Tokyo. As to the necessity, the Government cited the difficulty of controlling Oriental immigration. On the other side, Sir George Perley and Mr. Bennett deprecated the appointment as a danger to the unity of the Empire, arguing that the co-operation ought to be effected by consultation in London, whence instructions should be sent to the Empire representative at Tokyo. As Senator Cosgrain remarked on another occasion, "In Washington the King had four representatives. If they were to agree one would be enough; and if they were going to quarrel four would be too many."



Since coming into office Mr. Bennett is reported to have decided that these new "ministers" abroad shall have the status of permanent officials; but the High Commissioner in London shall continue to be regarded as a political colleague of the Government of the day and be selected accordingly. If so, the decision seems counter to the intention of the late Government in Canada, as also that of the Irish Free State, which apparently was that the status of the representatives at the principal foreign capitals should be equal to that of the representative in London—as independence would have it.

Whether it comes to the surface or not, this conflict between the principles of unity and independence will run through all the discussion at the Conference, alike of particular foreign questions and methods of diplomatic procedure. But, in reality, it is not a question apart. *Pace* Gen. Hertzog and Mr. McGilligan, democracy regards foreign policy from the standpoint of economic betterment. With a joint economic policy the Britannic commonwealth would have to assert itself as an international unit. Otherwise, if the "sovereign independence" of the Dominions were now to be conceded as a legal principle, the policy of Britannic Preference, already inconsistent with the implications of separate membership in the League of Nations, would again be excluded by the "most favoured nation" clause of international trade treaties, as was the case before 1898, when Chamberlain got the German and Belgian treaties denounced in the name of Empire unity.

It was agreed by the Imperial Conference in 1926 that where a Dominion has its own representative at a foreign capital, communications between the Dominion and the foreign government should be made direct through him. Lately we have been informed that the Imperial Conference is already engaged on the question of "how the procedure has worked in actual practice." A single instance will suffice to illustrate the kind of provocative absurdity which arises. When the American Government, a year ago, decided to invite the other principal Naval Powers to a conference on limitation it naturally addressed itself to the British Government. The latter thereupon consulted the Dominions, and suggested that for the purpose in view the navy should be "unified" (as Mr. MacDonald said in the House), Dominion ships being included in the British quota. To this the Dominions agreed—what else could they have done?—and Washington was informed accordingly. Nevertheless, under the 1926 resolution, the American Government was expected to issue separate invitations to Canada, South Africa and the Free State through their representatives at Washington. From the American, or any rational standpoint, what was the sense in that? If the Empire was a single Power one invitation was enough. If a group of independent States, Britain was the only one with any navy to count.

From official statements on the results of the Five-Power conference it appears that this time His Britannic Majesty is deemed to have been represented by not one but six "Delegations," each of equal standing. It follows that each Dominion is deemed to have had the same status as the United States, France, Italy and Japan. The opinion of the foreign naval Powers has not been divulged, but can be conjectured. We may also conjecture that the Dominion "chief representatives" were more seen than heard. But the question remains, from the foreign standpoint, why should the Dominions, any more than other and less negligible States, be allowed to encumber a limited Conference of this kind. Mr. McGilligan has answered in the Dail, "The Free State has seen to it that it was represented because it was interested in disarmament, and particularly in the limitation of navies." So perhaps was Mexico, which at least has some warships. While the Imperial Conference is thinking it out, let us gratefully acknowledge that once more Washington has been very patient with the suicidal mania of the British Empire.

## THE VINTAGE YEARS—II\*

BY A. WYATT TILBY

AS a youngster I read a dictum in Buckle's 'History of Civilisation' to the effect that French intellect declined under the autocratic policy of Louis XIV and XV. At twenty, one accepts assertions of this kind uncritically on authority, and in any case the thing seemed as if it ought to be true. But before going further into the matter of vintage years for genius and the rise and fall of national intellect I decided that it would be well to look into the facts of this particular issue.

My list of great Frenchmen, being compiled from a British dictionary of biography, was, of course, very inadequate in comparison with my parallel list of great Englishmen. On the other hand, it had the advantage that the eminence of the Frenchmen who had forced the compiler of such a work to include them could hardly be gainsaid. A division into fifty-year periods yielded the following result:—

1575-1625:	12 names
1626-1675:	9 "
1676-1725:	10 "
1726-1775:	19 "
1776-1825:	28 "

As the second, third, and fourth periods synchronized with the periods of autocracy, it can hardly be said that Buckle's assertion stands up well to the facts. Tyrants do not, as a rule, like freedom of thought, but the *ancien régime* of France had always a reputation for intellectual distinction. It suited Buckle's theory to minimise the facts, more especially as regards the quality of French intellect and taste in the eighteenth century. But on a scrutiny of the names it will not do.

On the other hand, I found that the Dutch produced a quantity of great names during the seventeenth century, and thereafter hardly any, whereas the Germans, who were hardly represented at all in the seventeenth century—seven names only—were rapidly coming up again in the eighteenth, with 35 great names.

This latter fact was comforting for a particular reason. I had noticed that the periods when British and French intellect was most fertile were, on the whole, periods of war; and this seemed a sinister and disturbing phenomenon, especially in view of the fact that the Dutch output of great men only declined when the Netherlands fight for independence and empire was over. If my figures had definitely established that great men are born in time of war, and mediocrities in time of peace, it would have been unpleasant.

The German figures, however, correct that view. The first half of the seventeenth century was a period of constant war in Germany; the second half a period of exhaustion. If we assume that the country produced as many great men in 1600-50 as in 1500-50 we must also assume either that they were killed in action or that they were frustrated by the disorders of the times from attaining distinction. As to the exhaustion that overcame the nation from 1650-1700 there is, of course, no question; it took a full half-century for the country to recover from the Thirty Years War.

The truth seems to be that a nation often produces many of its greatest figures in war time because wars are frequently an indication of a superabundance of national energy. At such times the birth-rate as well as the death-rate is high, and more brilliant as well as more ordinary children are born.

\* The second of a series of four articles, of which the first appeared in the previous issue.

It is possible that a short war tends to improve their chances of success, because it thins out the ranks of the young adults and so makes more room for the new population as it grows up. But it is certain that if the war is a very long one it reduces the standard of living of the whole country, and what is gained on the swings by the juveniles is more than lost on the roundabouts when they grow up.

The Thirty Years War exhausted Germany for half a century. The Napoleonic wars obviously did not exhaust France or England. The losses in the late war were heavier, but the national populations were larger and the proportion of casualties was far less than in the Thirty Years War.

For that reason recovery has been more rapid and a great deal of the talk of national and European exhaustion has been sheer nonsense. It has, no doubt, been inspired by the best motives as peace propaganda. But when tested by the facts it is seen to have little substance. The case against war must rest on other grounds.

War is not, however, the only form of destruction which menaces human beings, nor is it, on the whole, the most severe. Disease kills more men than battles; and it kills the youngsters as well as the adults, which war seldom does.

My annual tables did not go back to the Middle Ages. But to judge from the plethora of great names in the thirteenth century, the paucity of great names in the late fourteenth and early fifteenth, and the very considerable increase of famous men born in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, it took Europe a hundred years to recover from the Black Death. That disaster is supposed to have killed off about a third of the population. The military casualties of the Crusades and Hundred Years War seem to have been almost negligible in comparison.

It is said that sixty million people died in Europe from smallpox in the eighteenth century. The number is very possibly exaggerated, but nobody can read the memoirs and diaries of that time without realizing how terribly it ravaged all classes of society. One hears less of tubercule, but with the increase of urbanization that must also have been a heavily destructive force. Plague had ceased after 1670, at least in England—there were great outbreaks in Vienna, Marseilles and Prague in later years—and the great influenza and cholera epidemics belong to the nineteenth century.

It is significant that during the great plague year 1665 there is not one outstanding name in my list, and only one during the ensuing four years; well below the average of the previous century. On the other hand, after plague definitely ceased, the great names definitely increase, and for the next thirty years they average one a year. In the first half of the eighteenth century the rate nearly doubles; the population was, of course, steadily increasing, despite gin and smallpox. In the next hundred years it increased still more rapidly; but so also did the chance of survival.

Progress in human civilization is obviously the exception rather than the rule; and against an occasional advance we have to set the definite evidence of great civilizations which have met with complete destruction and disaster. (If we knew the various reasons why these failed we should be near to solving the more intractable problems of human society.) But wherever progress has occurred it appears to have coincided with an increase of population.

Whether the progress of civilization is a consequence of the increase of population or—as seems considerably more likely—the increase of population is a consequence of the progress of civilization, is too complicated a question to answer here. However that may be, any actual decrease of population in a country appears definitely to diminish the number of its distinguished as well as its ordinary men, presumably because the conditions are unfavourable for both. In

other words, it is true of human society as of botanical and other forms of life, that favourable conditions imply growth and increased variety up to an unascertained optimum point, while unfavourable conditions mean cessation of growth and a swing back from variety to uniformity.

These facts suggest that outstanding men are born pretty equally every year and all round the year, but that when epidemics take their toll they either kill off the brighter minority or, more probably, reduce their vitality and, furthermore, by disturbing the social and economic fabric, compel the talented and skilled to undertake work that could be done by the unskilled.

The vintage years therefore remain, but their appearance is rather deceptive. They seem to represent those who have been peculiarly fortunate in escaping juvenile ills. Being better equipped than their fellows, many of these will probably succeed better in life than the majority, and a small proportion succeed sufficiently to figure in the biographical dictionaries.

## THE RETROCESSION OF WEI-HAI-WEI

By J. O. P. BLAND

ON Wednesday, October 1, the leased territory of Wei-hai-wei was officially handed back by Great Britain to China, and by the end of the month the place will have been finally evacuated by the British garrison and police. Thus, after nine years, is fulfilled the *beau geste* (one of many) made by Lord Balfour at the Washington Conference, when he declared England's readiness to return this naval base, etc., to China, as part of the international arrangements for the confirmation of her sovereign rights and recognition of the principle of the "open door."

To see the matter in its right perspective to-day, it must be borne in mind that the proceedings and results of the Washington Conference were powerfully affected by the skilful propaganda of the Chinese delegates (Wellington Koo and Alfred Sze) and by the sympathetic support accorded thereto by religious and educational bodies in England and America. By the agreements finally concluded at Washington, the Powers definitely committed themselves to a policy of "patient conciliation" in China, based primarily on the theories of self-determination and racial equality, and on the assumption that the intelligentsia of the Nationalist Party would in due course prove themselves capable of producing an effective and stable government. Japan, though under no delusions as to the validity of this assumption, or the capacity of the Kuomintang to produce an efficient government, was compelled by force of circumstances to subscribe to these pious resolutions. The abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance had been followed by the identification of Great Britain's Far Eastern policy with that of the United States, and under these conditions the Chinese had found no difficulty in manoeuvring the Japanese into a position difficult to defend, with no choice other than that of following the lead of the other Powers or running the risks of invidious isolation.

She chose the former and, having done so, proceeded (with certain reservations) to outbid the other Powers in their policy of conciliating China's new rulers. Two months after Lord Balfour's announcement of England's intention to restore Wei-hai-wei, the Japanese concluded a subsidiary Treaty with the Chinese at Washington, thereby undertaking to restore the leased territory of Kiaochow, acquired by Japan from Germany under the Treaty of Versailles. To this Treaty rapid effect was given by both parties; the formal transfer of the territory to China took



place on December 10, 1922. The details of the negotiations and arrangements for this transfer have lately been compiled, from official records, and published by an American professor.\*

The preliminary negotiations for the retrocession of Wei-hai-wei were concluded six years ago, but the actual transfer has been repeatedly postponed for want of an effective and representative Chinese government. But after the gratuitous surrender to the Nanking Government of the British Concessions at Hankow and other Treaty Ports, any further postponement could only now be justified, on grounds of common humanity, by the fact that the Chinese inhabitants of the leased territory (some 200,000) petitioned last spring to be allowed to remain under the protection of the British flag at least until, with a settled Chinese government, security for life and property are restored in Shantung. But arguments based on appeals to common humanity have long since ceased to carry weight against the official conception of self-determination.

Nevertheless, there is in the record of China's administration of the once flourishing Colony of Kiaochao, that which might have made Mr. Henderson pause before assuring the House of Commons (May 5, 1930) that "the interests of the Chinese and foreign holders of title-deeds issued by the British administration at Wei-hai-wei have been fully safeguarded against all eventualities"; also that "provision has been made for consulting foreign residents in such matters as affect their welfare." For the experience of the foreign community at Tsingtao proves conclusively, if proof be needed, that Treaty provisions of this kind have no value or meaning, since the Chinese are aware that the Powers have no intention of insisting upon their observance.

To meet the objections of those who foresaw the disastrous effect of a purely Chinese administration on the position of foreign traders, it was stipulated in the Washington Treaty, and the Chinese undertook, that a local system of self-government would be established at Tsingtao, and that the foreign community would have a voice in the management of its municipal affairs, especially as regards the maintenance of public works. To-day grass grows in the once busy and beautiful streets of Tsingtao and the rapidly deteriorating condition of its wharves, sewers, waterworks and public buildings bears eloquent testimony to the inevitable results of Chinese administration. One Chinese Governor after another has imposed heavy burdens of taxation upon every source of industry, but the proceeds have been diverted from their proper uses to the purses and purposes of officials, civil and military, and the municipal finances have fallen into utter confusion.

There can be no possible ground for assuming that the Chinese will regard the promises which they have given under Treaty, with respect to Wei-hai-wei, any more seriously than those which they have flagrantly ignored at Tsingtao and Hankow. The Chinese population of the leased territory, at all events, cherish no delusions in the matter. *Te morituri salutant*: not theirs to share Downing Street's pathetically persistent faith in the Kuomintang's benevolent and progressive tendencies. They know full well that, when the British flag has ceased to fly over Wei-hai-wei, the population of its three hundred villages will be defenceless against the bandits who have ravaged the rest of the province, and against the extortionate exactions of their new rulers. Well-to-do native merchants are already demonstrating their appreciation of the sweet uses of self-determination by removing themselves and their valuables to the safety of Dairen and Shanghai.

Tsingtao, Hankow, Chinkiang, Amoy, Wei-hai-wei, one by one, the old outposts of our trade and western civilization are being abandoned in accordance with

\* 'Tsingtao Under Three Flags.' By W. L. Godshall. The Commercial Press, Shanghai. \$5.50.

the policy of patient conciliation. Logically, as the advocates of that policy admit, the process must eventually include the surrender of the Shanghai and Tientsin Settlements to undivided Chinese control, together with the complete abrogation of the foreigner's extra-territorial privileges. Nothing else, evidently, can meet the definition of China's sovereign rights, upon which the Government at Nanking has been encouraged to insist. As a solution of the Chinese problem, a bridging of the ancient gulf between East and West, this process commends itself, no doubt, to our "self-determination" doctrinaires; nevertheless, its results may be read to-day in the streets of Tsingtao.

## THE NEW SLAVERY

BY FRANK A. CLEMENT

IT is generally assumed that the great wave of unemployment from which we are suffering, and no longer alone, is due to some cause or causes which are temporary or remediable; that the great and growing number of the workless is due to some depression or impoverishment such as in former years followed upon the failure of harvests or other disasters. But no such failures are discernible. On the contrary, we are, and have been, suffering from gluts of foodstuffs and all kinds of raw materials, so that planters, agriculturists, sheep farmers and miners have complained of their inability to dispose of their produce. Moreover, there is hardly a manufacturing industry producing essential commodities that has not over-produced or that has not been compelled to curtail its activities for fear of over-production. The war, naturally, is held responsible for a good deal of our trouble, and in so far as it upset the economic balance it is responsible. But the post-war impoverishment of the world was not nearly as serious as it was presumed to be. In manhood, of course, the loss was immeasurable. But it is precisely manhood for which the post-war world makes less and less demand. No doubt, too, there were, at the cessation of hostilities, grave temporary shortages of foodstuffs and raw materials in most of the belligerent countries. To counterbalance these losses, however, there was everywhere a great augmentation of tools and machinery, and it may be that in the means of production the world of 1919 generally was potentially, if not actually, richer than it was in 1914. In any case, if machinery and machine tools and a superabundance of all kinds of commodities are wealth, then the world of to-day is richer than ever it was. Yet there are the unemployed.

If we alone were the sufferers, as we recently seemed to be, we might hold that the cause of our unemployment must be sought in some hitch peculiar to our own economic position. But we are not alone. To say nothing of Germany, America and Australia are also suffering. The United States, with its immense area, wide range of climate and energetic population, after a spell of unprecedented productive prosperity, augmented, apparently, though not perhaps really, by the spoils of war, has a great and growing body of unemployment. Australia, with a population less than a tenth of that which it could easily support, also lies in the trough of a great depression. What lesson have these countries to teach us? There are no signs that anywhere population has outrun the means of subsistence. So far as can be seen, there is plenty of everything, except work, for everyone. What are we to do? Consider for a moment the remedies that are suggested for unemployment here, and see how they cancel out. Rationalization of industry, which leads at once to discharges of workers and ultimately, if there is anything of value in it, to a greater production of the very commodities which

are already over-produced. Thrift; so that we may invest our savings in "industrials," which are passing their dividends, and increase production, of which we have too much, and in so doing deprive ourselves of all luxuries and force the workers in luxury trades into the ranks of the unemployed! No, what we seem to lack is not savers but spenders, not producers but consumers. Is it possible to discern those much needed consumers in the unemployed?

What if unemployment is not an accident but an essential condition of modern industrialism; a symptom which will grow in intensity rather than decrease and pass away. It is a saying of the age that man has become the slave of the machine. But really, if we look at the relation in the right way, it is the machine that is the slave; working for us, producing for us, and tending more and more as time goes on to supplant the manual labourer. But, it will be said, there must always be someone to tend the machine. Possibly; but the ratio of attendants to production grows less and less, and so does the ratio of executive control to the extent of the business transacted. Rationalization means that or it means nothing; and the limits of invention may not be set. Ploughing and sowing and reaping are now most effectively done by machinery. The chemist improves the productivity of the soil, applied Mendelian genetics improve the productivity of plant and animal; and with all these means to plenty multiplying, is there a handicraftsman more skilled than a machine-minder or more responsible than a servant who does what he is told, who is not in peril of seeing his occupation vanish? Is there an unskilled labourer who does not go in fear that some improvement in a machine will render his services superfluous? What if this unemployment problem, which is such a bugbear to us, is the symptom not of disaster but of triumph? Is it not conceivable that we have already crossed the threshold of a civilization in which ever more and more people will be, let us not say "out of work" but "at leisure"? Is it not obvious that even if this civilization is not upon us, the whole drift of invention and applied science is towards it with ever-growing momentum?

This new world will be a world based on slavery, but its slaves will be knowledge and the machine. The old slavery of the Greek and Roman worlds broke down because it was a cumbersome, wasteful and uneconomic system. The new slavery will be compact and economic, and it will give us States capable of supporting very large populations, an enormous proportion of which will be at leisure three, four or five days a week. The curse of Adam, which those upon whom it falls lightly or agreeably have called a blessing, will have been lifted; and everyone will have an opportunity of cultivating the things of the mind and the graces and pleasures of life. It will be hard, no doubt, for many of us to give up the twin fetishes of thrift and industry, and it will be harder still for those to whom thrift and industry are anathema to make satisfying use of unaccustomed leisure. But even so we need not despair in an age when even pedagogics can be entertaining. One thing, however, is obvious, the politico-economics of such a civilization will be far different from any as yet devised; for one of its chief concerns will be the equitable distribution of the necessities of life to people who perforce have had little share in their production. It may be that in such a world all kinds of subsidiary employments would arise, art-crafts that would be amateur in the best sense of the word; while the pursuit of knowledge either for its own sake or for its material application, would attract, one imagines, an ever-increasing number of enthusiasts. Leisure need not be idleness. Nevertheless, it will be well if economists turn their minds to the consideration of a hypothetical civilization in which so far as the production of the necessities of life is concerned most people will be permanently or partially unemployed. The embattled economics of

production and barter may have to be applied to international relations for years to come. Internally, every State will be well advised to concentrate on the economics of consumption, unless, of course, wedded to the mercantile system, it prefers to dwindle and decay.

## THE LAWYER-POLITICIAN

By A. A. B.

**L**ORD ASKWITH'S *Life of Lord James of Hereford* is that not uncommon thing in these days of biographical deluge, an interesting book\* about an interesting man. Ever since the days of Francis Bacon the statesman-lawyer has played a conspicuous rôle in our national history. In the last century Brougham and Lyndhurst were perhaps the most famous of political lawyers. In the present century the names of Asquith, Haldane and Birkenhead are in the first class. In the second class I place Loreburn (R. T. Reid), Finlay and Henry James. I do not count Herschell, who, though a superb advocate and a sound Lord Chancellor, was a negligible figure in politics, in which he made no attempt to shine. Nor do I count Harcourt, who was as little of a lawyer as Herschell was a politician.

Henry James was the type of the successful lawyer-politician, whose papers as an examiner I should mark 2+ or B<sup>+</sup>. Compared with Asquith, Haldane, Halsbury or Birkenhead, his calibre was twenty candlepower compared with sixty. His success as measured by ordinary standards cannot be denied. Though he ended his public career in 1903 at the age of 74 as Chancellor of the Duchy, he had been offered by Gladstone all the prizes—Master of the Rolls, a Lord of Appeal, and the Lord Chancellor; added to which, when Kelly and Cockburn died, in 1880, he was Attorney-General, and might, by the custom of the profession, have claimed to be made Chief Baron of the Exchequer or Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Instead of which he joined with Selborne and Coleridge in abolishing those picturesque judgeships and merging them in the Chief Justice of England. James must be allowed full credit for these renunciations. It was a mistake, in my opinion, to abolish those ancient and dignified titles, for the prizes on the Bench are too few, and really the whole transaction was due to Coleridge's desire to shine alone as Lord Chief Justice of England. That, however, must not detract from the public spirit of Henry James, although there is no doubt there was a considerable alloy of shrewdness in the disinterestedness. James was a splendid advocate in all branches of the trade, handling witnesses, addressing juries and the general conduct of a case, perhaps the most important part of counsel's duty. But he was not a great lawyer, and knew it. He told Gladstone and his friends that he preferred a political to a judicial career, sincerely, no doubt; but he was too acute not to know in his heart that as Master of the Rolls, or Lord of Appeal, he would often have been in the position of a late puisne judge of whom it was said by the bar that "whenever a point of law arose, he grew visibly uneasy." This does not apply to his refusal of Gladstone's appeal in 1886 to be his Lord Chancellor, for James was a staunch Unionist; and it is well known that the occupant of the Woolsack requires less ready-made law than a county court judge. It is curious how many lawyers, who win their way to the front of the most difficult and intellectual profession in the world, are only too glad to desert it for politics. R. T. Reid (Lord Loreburn) openly cursed the chains that bound him to the Temple, and would talk nothing but politics in his pupil room. What

\* 'Lord James of Hereford.' By Lord Askwith. Benn. 21s.



Henry James really liked was the society of the great ones of the earth, varied by the excitement of a front bench speech. His chance of escape from the drudgery of the courts came in February, 1886, when Gladstone formed his first Home Rule Cabinet and naturally turned to his former Attorney-General. James did not hesitate to range himself with Hartington and Chamberlain, and from that hour he was free to enjoy life as he wished, basking in the smiles of Balmoral and Devonshire House, and as a bachelor living in Wilton Place, he could spend his earnings (nothing like so large as those of the top lawyers to-day) in entertaining and being entertained. Henry James was a handsome man; a rattling retailer of anecdotes, good, bad and indifferent; and the hirer of a shoot in Norfolk. He became the fashion: his friends called him the best of good fellows: his enemies dubbed him an adroit courtier. He was, in truth, midway between the two. He was fond of mixing with famous or fashionable folk; he had a dash of the *faux bonhomme*: but he had many warm friendships, both among his contemporaries and his juniors, Harcourt and Alfred Lyttelton, for example. I sat in two Parliaments with Sir Henry James, and his speeches were the most painful infliction I had to endure within those walls. They were full of commonplaces and fustian rhetoric, and were delivered in a sing-song voice, like that of a dissenting preacher, the body slightly swaying, with hands clasped firmly in front. He ought to have eschewed oratory, for his culture was deficient and he had a slight provincial accent. In the commerce of the lobbies I found James either brusque or frigid. But his robust common sense and knowledge of the man in the street made his advice valuable, and in the trouble of Tariff Reform towards the end, he told Arthur Balfour that his finessing was bound to break up the Unionist Party, as it did. There are two passages which I will extract as characteristic of Hartington and Parnell. "I have got another speech to make on Monday," wrote Lord Hartington to Sir Henry James, "and should much like to see you on Saturday. Perhaps you will come in some time in the afternoon. I suppose it is a good thing to choke the public with this mass of matter which no one will read." That is an exquisite touch. After the verdict in the divorce case, Parnell called on Lockwood, his counsel, and reproached him with having "betrayed us." Lockwood jumped up and said no one should speak to him like that. "I see what you are going to do," said Parnell. "You are bigger and stronger than I am, and you are thinking of throwing me out of the window." "You are quite right, I was thinking of doing so," Lockwood replied. Parnell immediately quietened down and, taking some cigars out of his pocket, asked if he might smoke and offered Lockwood one of them. Lockwood observed that they did not look very good, and Parnell said, "No, I bought them coming along in the Strand and gave 4d. apiece for them—for I have none of my own, not being allowed to smoke, which, I think, was the reason of my being so irritable with you just now." That is a dramatic page of history, torn from the diary of James.

I have indicated that the personality of Lord James was to me uninteresting: it was so commonplace, with even a tincture of the vulgarity of success, so difficult to escape. But the life-story of one who played a foremost part in the exciting twenty years which closed the last century cannot be other than interesting and informative. Lord Askwith was one of Henry James's devils, his admirer and affectionate friend. Lord Askwith's varied and distinguished career has been wider, and probably more useful, than that of the ordinary barrister. The accuracy, judicial fairness and facility of style, which first won him fame as an arbitrator of industrial disputes, have all been applied to the record of a very important period of English history.

## FAREWELL TO FISHING

By A. HOLMES

THE year 1930 will go down in angling history as a poor one. Indeed, no year I can call to remembrance has proved so hostile to the fisherman. The superstitious may account for this by drawing attention to the fact that the total of its numbers is thirteen! But whatever the reason, it never "felt" like a trout season from start to finish. A bad beginning, a wretched second stage, and little hope left for September and free-rising fish.

September fishing has a peculiar charm for me, but the ardour of the earlier months is lacking. Then I fish only for the biggest trout I see. Now there are no heartburnings if I do muff my cast or come "unstuck," for ever at the back of my mind is the thought that I may be doing harm to the river by transferring two pounds weight to my shoulders.

In that delightful book, 'A Summer on the Test,'\* the author discourses upon the allurements of September fishing, but he does not hint at any reluctance over taking trout at that time. Now, admittedly, after spawning the fish are in poor condition, but the male is likely to suffer less from the strain than the female. This would appear to be the case inasmuch as more males are taken during the May-fly season than females. Let any angler examine his catch at that time and I think he will find that what I say is true. The lean, ill-favoured two-pound fish which, as Mr. Hill rightly says, may be three pounds in September, is nearly certain to be a lady. Her lying-in period is long and she is really only just beginning to regain strength when the May-fly appears. She is not in good condition until later in the season. September may possibly see her at her best, when she is then dieting herself, in all probability on fattening fly-fodder in preparation for her labours of the late autumn. Hence it is that the number of females taken in September greatly exceeds that of males who now are not so ardent in their pursuit of floating food. Of course, a river which is restocked every year may not feel the removal of September trout as one that is dependent for repopulation upon the indigenous fish. But withal, I think the angler would do well to be content with taking only the portliest of dames.

On the historic occasion when Paul made exposition of his cause before James, all that the latter could say at the end of it was, "Remember the poor." Having devoured Mr. Hill's book, I might say, James-like, "Remember the yellow wagtail," it is more beautiful than the grey. But what in the world has that got to say to fishing? Well, firstly, it goes to show the complete agreement that exists between the writer of this and the author, and, secondly, it reveals the angler-author as a lover of Nature, which every true fisherman should be. He loves his river and everything connected with it. He depicts it for us in words with no less delicacy than does the artist—himself an angler—in his beautiful illustrations. And their subject is worthy of the best. I suppose from China to Peru, from Norway to the Antipodes, wherever trout fishers assemble and meet together, the Test—queen of rivers—is most surely remembered. Even if the railway does somewhat mar the lovely valley, at least it gives opportunity to numberless brethren of the rod to "fish" the Test from the carriage window. For everyone who has fished it there are the thousands who never have had and never will have the chance of stretching a line upon its crystal surface, but who love to look upon it. And to them, as to the more fortunate, comes the end of the season and the rest-  
less period that follows.

\* 'A Summer on the Test.' By the Right Hon. John Waller Hills. With twelve embellishments by Norman Wilkinson. Philip Allan.

## TOURS THROUGH LITERARY ENGLAND—XIII

## THROUGH THE JOHN MASEFIELD COUNTRY

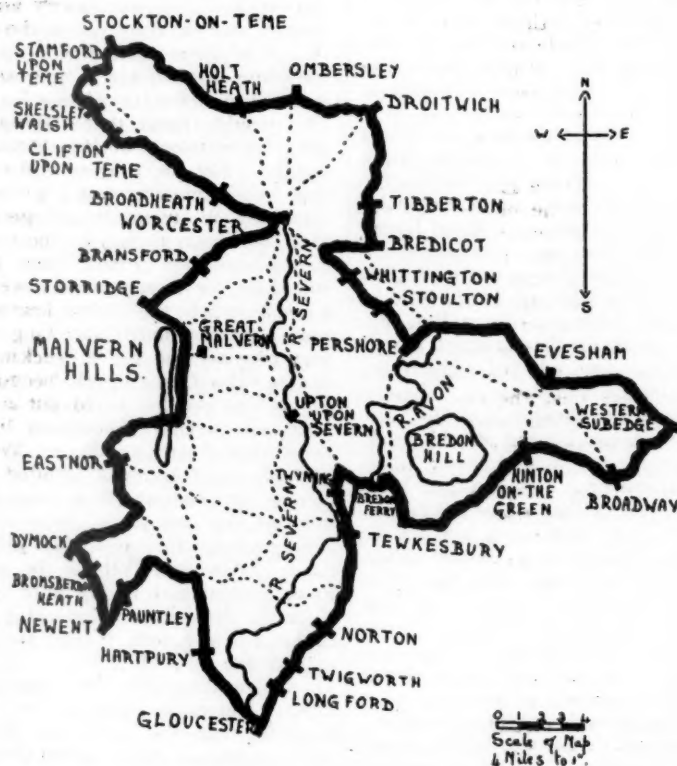
THE motorist seeking the John Masefield country will be struck by its comparatively small area. Of course, the reason for this is that many, if not most, of Masefield's "travelling days" were spent upon the high seas. The English highways and byways that he knows, loves and has written about are quantitatively few, and in journeying over them with thoughts of him in one's mind, one instinctively thinks of him as "the sailor home from the sea" rather than the hunter on the hill. Yet in the few poems of his that are essentially of the English countryside (notably 'The Everlasting Mercy,' 'On Malvern Hill,' 'Tewkesbury Road,' 'On Eastnor Knoll,' and, perhaps, 'The Dauber') there is little hint of the author's seafaring passion and experience. It is rather a knowledge of his sea songs that accounts for one's persistent idea of Masefield as *The Poet Turned Sailor*.

To the many other poems and ballads dealing with the English countryside that he has written, only guesswork can ascribe the localities with which they are associated, and for the purposes of this tour, which must be served by accuracy of place-names, only those which mention traceable towns and villages and country have been used to determine the limits of the accompanying sketch-map. Gloucester on the south, and Droitwich on the north are good gateways to the Masefield country, but it must be confessed that the northern half of the suggested route is only "possible Masefield"; "concentrated Masefield" is the country (followed in the direction of the sun) from Bredon to Clifton-upon-Teme. The reason for introducing irrelevant country is that it belongs, in patches, to Literary England (thanks to John Drinkwater, Samuel Butler and Leader, the artist), and might quite possibly go undetected by the motorist if it remained outside the boundaries of this tour.

Beginning at Gloucester, the motorist crosses the Severn—the river that deservedly runs through so much English prose and poetry as well as through some of England's loveliest miles of country. With the Wye, the Avon and the Thames, it ranks among the four favourite rivers of the author, the artist and the poet, and unless the sea, the earth and the air grow to be quite inadequate traffic-ways, the Severn will be fortunate enough to keep its banks unpaved and its waters comparatively untroubled by trespassers

upon its beauty. "I come from out past Gloucester . . . Not far from Pauntley, If you know those parts," said the Dauber in Masefield's poem of that name; from "those parts," too, came some to "spread a tale Of cut-throats out of Gloucester jail," as Saul Kane relates in 'The Everlasting Mercy.' Gloucester seems to have a somewhat lurid reputation in the minds of both A. E. Housman and Masefield, and while bracketing these two names together in one sentence, it is to the point to add that their close friendship with each other may account for an unmistakable Housman ring in several of the younger man's lines here and there. The country of 'The Widow in the Bye-Street' lies within the Housman - Shropshire borders on the Welsh side—indeed, the country of these two poets overlaps to a very great extent.

From Pauntley the road winds angularly through Newent and Dymock—mentioned in 'The Everlasting Mercy'—to Eastnor, the setting of the poem 'On Eastnor Knoll.' It will be readily agreed that Eastnor is not recognizable from the poem, but as neither the place nor the poem is the worse for that no disappointment will be felt and the approach to the Malvern Hills will be one of unimpaired pleasure. 'On Malvern Hill' is the poem dealing with this piece of country which, as Masefield with historical accuracy



Sketch-map showing route through the John Masefield country. Dotted lines indicate main roads and alternative routes.

pictures it, is rock-bed deep with ancient Roman dust. To describe this Malvern country would be to gild the lily; the beauty to be found there is advertisement enough and needs no previous notice.

On approaching Masefield's Worcester—or Saul Kane's Worcester, as some might think of it—it is only natural to sigh for more specifically biographical details of Masefield than are available to all but the poet's personal friends. Legend and rumour allege a lot that must not be accepted until verified; as W. H. Hamilton writes in his book 'John Masefield' (a book well worth consulting): "*Causeurs* have remarked upon Mr. Masefield's reticence. The story of his life is no concern of ours, or of the world's, as yet. If more than that were wanting, we have his own wise theory of life in 'Biography' to dissuade us from any endeavour to trace its details, even from a hope to illuminate his poems by these. . . . Imaginative agonies, at all events, must have been his who wrote 'The Street of To-day,' 'The Everlasting Mercy' and 'The Dauber.'" In consequence of



his "wise reticence," there is scant Masfield-data to be collected concerning his personal associations with Worcester—we only know from 'The Everlasting Mercy' that this part of Worcestershire was the original setting of the poem. It has not been possible to ascertain the precise locality of 'The Daffodil Fields' or, indeed, of several other poems that would, one cannot help thinking, gain in interest for being associated with a name on the map—since they very evidently are connected with particular rather than general localities. But this complaint deprives Worcester, at all events, of nothing. It is a town in which the historian, literary treasure-seeker and artist could spend many days without exhausting the sources of his particular supply. Even to the avowedly Masfield seeker, Worcester will "stand and deliver" to the thoughtful and well-informed Masfield student.

Over the Teme country (the original of the Drinkwater "I've never been to Mamble That lies upon the Teme," poem) are lovely views and, enticing miles of country, but Mamble has not been included in the itinerary partly because it is far out of the way and partly because it comes as nothing less than a shock to the lovers of the little lyric that so quaintly sings of it. Had the poet been to Mamble he would surely have had to curb his picturesque imaginings about it! The motorist will travel to Whittington (of Leader fame) without much other literary interest to hold his attention, and when he reaches Pershore he should take off his shoes—for here is holy ground. Pershore, besides cradling one of the oldest churches in England, with loftier arches than any in the country, whose interior was sketched to be reproduced in Liverpool Cathedral, is a charming little village, with a bridge that is treasure indeed to the photographer-artist. At Strensham, a small village two miles south of Pershore, though not actually on the direct route of the sketch-map, Samuel Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' was born. After this, the road circles round by Evesham through all that market-garden country to Broadway. This is the show village in all England. Others may have charms that Broadway has not—indeed, it would be too easy to write an entire article arguing for and against the "Broadway appeal"—but, put briefly, the brief for Broadway is that it is unique throughout the land, and for its very uniqueness it will be appreciated by everyone who visits it.

Finally, there comes the Housman 'Bredon Hill,' known, by internal evidence, to be familiar to Masfield also—then Bredon Ferry, a means of crossing the Avon that is quite feasibly negotiable by the motorist. 'Tewkesbury Road' gives the last stretch of road a Masfield interest, and at Gloucester we say farewell to him again, and hang upon the songs that will come from him as "Maker of the King's Musick."

M. E. P.-G.

N.B.—No. 14 of 'Tours Through Literary England,' which will appear in the issue of October 25, will be through the Alice Meynell country.

## FOR GALLANTRY

BY PETER TRAILL

OVER the brandy and the cigars we had all been telling stories, and though it is many years now since the war, the world's holocaust had figured in not a few of them—that because it was a "stag" party. The only one among the half a dozen of us who had so far conserved his throat for his brandy and cigar was Major Reeves. While we told our yarns, his blue eyes had twinkled, he had plucked his moustache with his tapering fingers and now and again had smoothed back his dark hair from his forehead with open hand. He was a small man, inclined to portliness, but though

he looked like a man who had led a care-free existence all his life, his looks belied him. When the war had broken out he had been mining in Nevada, and when he returned to England he joined up naturally enough in the R.E.s. Since the war he had given up prospecting and taken up financing, and that was why he now looked more like a pouter pigeon than an Irish chicken.

"Come along, Tubby," I said to him, "let's hear your story of how you won the Croix de Guerre." Tubby Reeves took his cigar from his mouth and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

"But you all know it," he objected. There was a chorus of denial and after helping ourselves to some more brandy we sat back with seraphic smiles on our faces, waiting for Tubby to begin.

"Well, you probably all remember," he started, "the coal mines up near Loos and Armentières; there was a great how d'you do about them when we took over the sector from the French. The Huns hadn't flooded them and naturally we were rather curious about so neighbourly an action. In short, and low let it be spoken, we thought that the French had had some secret understanding with the Germans over the question, because you see there was a lot of French capital locked up in those mines. Well, the French said nothing to us about it, but our Intelligence lads thought that there was probably a gallery which led under the front line and came out on the German side, giving them a free pass, so to speak, to come and go as they liked. They sent me down to try to locate it." Tubby took a sip of his brandy and then continued. "So you see, while you poor devils were risking your little lives on top, I and a few hearties were two or three thousand feet below mucking about and listening, and then listening and mucking about. That went on, of course, for days, because those mines were pretty extensive, but, to cut a long story short, I eventually heard the German lingo pretty distinctly, and located the gallery. We stood or rather crouched like a lot of stuffed pigs, and when we heard the voices getting nearer, I told my chaps to remain as quiet as they could, and, when the party had worked their way past us, to grab them. My idea was to collar the lot intact—by their voices there weren't many of them—and then haul them up to Corps where we could get a bit of news out of them." He sighed and twirled the stem of his glass between his fingers.

"It wasn't a bad idea, you know," he continued, "but, bless you, Sapper Jones had a darned better one. He thought he'd come to France to fight, so the moment the Huns turned the corner the blithering idiot loosed off his pop-gun. Got his man clean in the head, the rest ran like the devil back the way they'd come and there were we with one stiff'un and no prisoners. I cursed him in heaps; but what was the good? Eventually, out of breath and out of temper, I decided to trail the Huns the rest of the way so as to find where the outlet was and then to block it. So we plodded along after them—silly owls that we were—and I'd just found out nearly all that I wanted to know when the party really started.

"Of course, I had always thought that taking everything into account, the R.E.s didn't have a bad time down below compared to you lads on top, but forty-five seconds were sufficient to change my opinion. The blighters let off gas down the gallery. Well, you know what picro-chlorine's like up above, you ought to try a dose of it three thousand feet down. The pressure's terrific, you see," he explained naively, and left it at that.

"We'd been nice little mothers' boys up to then," he went on, "but a change came over the scene in double-quick time. I bumbled out an order about gas masks and we all shoved the things on as fast

as we could. Two or three poor devils were too late and Sapper Jones had a mask that leaked. The moment he discovered that, he went mad and tried to tear the masks off the rest of us." He paused. "I shot him on the spot—I had to. Out of a dozen of us, the corporal, a sapper and myself were the only three who came up to the air alive." He took a puff at his cigar. "I reported the jolly occurrence to Corps and they, bless their little hearts, being rather short of mining engineers, sent me down again with another detachment to mine the gallery. The gas, of course, was still hanging about a bit thickly, but we closed the ruddy gallery. I got slightly gassed and they had to carry me out—however, I didn't weigh as much then as I do now, so it wasn't so bad for them."

"A nice, cheery little story," someone interposed. Tubby smiled.

"I haven't started the story yet," he said, and took another sip of brandy. "Well, Corps were so pleased about all this, because it gave them a bit up their sleeve over the French, you see; and when I'd more or less recovered, the General comes toddling along and says: 'Reeves, my boy, get to hell out of this for ten days. I don't care where you go so long as you stay in France. All English leave is stopped.' I thanked him and, still feeling a bit sheepish, went along and saw Billy Tass, the Corps adjutant.

"Billy," I said, 'I've got ten days' leave in France. Where shall I go?' Billy Tass stopped messing about with a heap of buff slips, and a lovely smile came over his face.

"Oh, boy," he replied, 'Paris Plage.' He made me out a warrant and I set out for Paris Plage. I don't know what the place is like now, but in the war it was a good imitation of an open seraglio—if you know what I mean. All the French generals and a lot of our own who were faithful to their wives installed them there, and those who were not installed someone else. There was this advantage for poor devils like me, that the generals had to get on with the war some of the time. Well, I arrived there and found out the best hotel, dumped my kit and had a look round. I was a captain then and perhaps the absence of 'tabs' and decorations, and the fact that I was English led to my popularity—at any rate everything looked good. I have never been so sought after by the opposite sex since, and at dinner I looked round the room, rather as I should imagine a Sultan looks round his harem on a Saturday night. Then I made my choice.

"She was sitting all alone—a small, darkish woman with fine, large brown eyes and an infectious smile. Her hair was perfectly coiffeured and her evening gown was a joy. I went over to her without hesitation and asked her to take pity on a lonely officer and also to take coffee with him. She seemed a bit surprised, but answered in English, which is quite a fascinating language when spoken by a Frenchwoman, that she would be delighted.

"Her husband was a general. I found that out quite early on and her name was Jeanne Livine—at least, that name is good enough for you fellows—I called her Jeanne at once because I told her the war had made Christians of us all." He paused and ran his hand over his hair. "Believe me, those were ten great days, and then I had to go back to that pretty little village Armentières. She cried and I patted her hand, and then I cried and she patted mine; then we both cried and we patted each other's. After that I got into a revolting machine that they called train out there and Paris Plage became a blob in the distance, and Jeanne—a memory. I trotted into billets looking worse, if anything, than when I went away and had hardly sat down when old Billy Tass came along in a tearing hurry.

"Thank God, you're back," he said, 'If you'd overstayed, we'd have been sunk.'

"I nearly did," I said. 'What's the trouble, another jolly little mine?'

"Worse than that—at any rate for you. They are going to let you give an exhibition of how to receive a medal on the field of battle, so to speak.' I looked at him in horror.

"You don't mean to say that there's going to be a parade?" He nodded.

"You shouldn't be such a hero," he said.

"Well, the next morning the wretched infantry formed a hollow square that was about as hollow as I was. I was pushed out into the middle of it together with the corporal and the sapper who had escaped the first show alongside me. There we all stood and shivered until at a quarter-past eleven, which was a quarter of an hour late, a staff car came bumping down the road. Out of this hopped our Corps commander, another general, and a nice small, cheery little Frenchman. Then Billy Tass or some other idiot read out the details of our stupendous valour, and the little Frenchman pinned the Croix de Guerre on my manly bosom, kissed me on both cheeks, and after he'd done something pretty similar to the corporal and the sapper, the wretched infantry did a march past. The whole thing was over at last and the only time I was really conscious was when the little Frenchman kissed me. That woke me all right.

"Of course, everyone pulled my leg like the devil, and I didn't see the joke at all until Corps orders came out, and then I saw one that no one else did.

"You've got a nice little bit all to yourself," Billy Tass said to me pushing a copy under my nose. 'And I'm willing to bet that you didn't really expect anything and don't exactly know what you got anything for.' I was about to agree with him when in casually reading the report I saw the little Frenchman's name for the first time. It was General Livine—Jeanne's husband.

"Oh, yes, I do know," I said to Billy, handing him back the sheet, 'I got it for gallantry.'

"Stow it!" he exclaimed in disgust.

"Not on this front," I said. 'On the one at Paris Plage.' Tubby smiled his infectious smile, and tossed down the remainder of his brandy. "Whatever these introspective blighters may write, my lads, it was a great war at times," he finished, "and though I've been tempted often since to throw my medals at the politicians, I'd never throw away my little Croix de Guerre; because I look upon it as the outward sign of the greatest compliment one man can pay to another, whatever it may have been intended to represent."

## TO A YOUNG GIRL

GIRL, of melancholy free,  
Fair as the suns of Italy,  
Cherish thy life's intensity.

For this is wisdom, to love wine,  
Beauty, and the Spring divine.  
The rest is vain. These joys are thine.

Smile at destiny severe,  
And when returns the spring of year  
Pluck its flowers for thy hair.

To the dead heart, entombed, what may  
Remain from life, and light, and day  
But memory of love and May?

Warningly grave dreamers say  
"Seek effects and causes, pray."  
These are but words. Come, pluck the day.  
(From the French of Théodore de Banville.)





THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

## THE THEATRE

### FIELDING WITHOUT TEARS

By ROBERT GORE-BROWNE

*Knave and Queen.* By Edwin Justus Mayer. Ambassadors Theatre.

*All that Glitters.* By Sidney Blow. Duke of York's Theatre.

*The Outsider.* By Dorothy Brandon. Apollo Theatre.

EVERYONE who cares about good acting should visit the Ambassadors, where an American actress, Miss Mary Ellis, gives a warm, flesh-and-blood study of the girl who has milked English cows, cooked English mutton, broken English hearts and emptied English pockets, since the day that the White Horse was cut out of downland turf and chalk. Laetitia Snap may be wanton greedy, fickle; she may earn the hard Biblical epithets that each lover she deceives flings at her; she may be deaf to every voice but the call of physical love and the warnings of physical fear, yet she turns the beholder's head as fatally as the poet's in the play. One must hope, however, that she will not make everyone talk the nonsense Mr. Edwin Justus Mayer has put into the mouth of this poor young Cartwright. Mr. Robert Donat is allowed to look like the head of a young Roman Emperor on a coin. He is made to talk like the voice of a Hollywood caption writer on a movie. Recently, we had a schoolmaster-poet babbling about the stars. Now it is a gaol bird-poet maundering about white birds. When will playwrights discover that no one talks in this way?

An agreeable antidote was administered by the poisoner-aristocrat impeccably played by Mr. George Curzon. Lord Wainwright—a name honourable in the annals of arsenic—suffered from a tic douloureux, which gave devastating effect to his unanswerable reproach of "Cant!" Henry Fielding would have recognized and applauded Mr. Bach's husky dignity as the great Jonathan Wild. He would have shifted to the already overladen shoulders of his confrère Charles Dickens responsibility for Mr. Sherbrooke's version of Snap the Gaoler, and he would hardly have approved of the sentimental magnanimity with which Count La Ruse finished the play and which all Mr. Basil Sydney's skill could not make convincing. On his return to Elysium, the novelist will hardly fail to advise that "active, genteel, gay and good-humoured young man," Mr. Tom Jones, to slip from the continued conversation of the good man Mr. Allworthy, and the agreeable companionship of Sophia to the Ambassadors, where he can rekindle memories of poor Molly Seagrim in the charm and vitality of Miss Mary Ellis.

The overproduction of diamonds throughout the world that is lowering the value of the stones and depressing the market in De Beers and kindred shares, has spread to the theatre. A diamond necklace set the Shaftesbury by the ears, diamond buckles convulse the Lane, and stolen diamonds start the ball rolling at the Lyceum. Now we have a diamond ring, three to be exact, at the Duke of York's. That you can't have too much of a good thing is disastrously a theatrical maxim.

The diamond ring glitters its way determinedly through Mr. Sidney Blow's play, now on the finger of Jennie Pierce (Miss Mary Jerrold), now in the clutches of Shadrack Tuggle (Mr. Richard Goolden), for a time on the hand of Cathie Pitcher (Miss Amy Venedy), and once in the waistcoat pocket of Jasper Smedley (Mr. Wilfred Shine). By their names ye shall know them. The diamond is sometimes genuine and sometimes Woolworth. The same distinction may be made in the dialogue of the play.

The flash of genuine humour is succeeded by a more glassy substitute.

The action of the piece is laid in a seaside town whose whereabouts is successfully concealed by the diversity of the dialects of its natives. It is clearly somewhere on the borders of Sussex, London, Lancashire, Gloucestershire, and Theatreland. The play should win the consideration of the B.B.C. Even unseen, the characters would be easily distinguished by their accents. Besides the fortunes of the diamond, there are other ingredients: loans, insurance money, and the sale of motor-cars. Love's young dream is dreamt by Susie Pierce and Police-sergeant Tupper, to whose uniform Mr. Arthur Hambling gives pleasant life. Jasper Smedley and Cathie Pitcher enjoy a more middle-aged dream among all sorts of interesting daily appliances. Green flood-lighting and a spiritualist séance draw squeals of semi-hysterical delight from the audience. And a *deus ex machina* (which machine in those elder days, too, was little more than trapdoor) brings the play to a close.

Appropriate nouns of multitude, such as the gaggle of geese and the bevy of roes, being for the most part obsolete, it is difficult to find the right term for the army of medical practitioners who crowd the stage at the Apollo. Perhaps the phrase "a doom of doctors" may very tentatively be coined with the covering prayer that the word and the phenomenon may follow its predecessors into obsolescence.

It is, then, inevitable, and no doubt desirable, that dooms of doctors should collect at the British Medical Congress, in the offices of the *Lancet*, or round the bed of a dying monarch; it is less certain that their presence does anything to lighten the darkness of Shaftesbury Avenue. In the first act of 'The Outsider' they sit in silent sympathetic rows, while Jasper Sturdee, M.S. (Mr. Norman McKinnel), details with a catch in his voice the unfortunate obstetrical experience of his late wife. In the second act the same discreet semicircle lends an urbane ear to the recital by his crippled daughter, Lalage, of the sexual ambitions which her deformity obstructs. In the third act the vultures gather to gloat over the failure of Anton Ragatzy (Mr. Harold Huth), an unqualified practitioner, to cure this deformity. No one asks for probability on the stage, but a measure of possibility is surely desirable. Does Miss Dorothy Brandon find any of these three situations convincing? Effective theatrical contrivance, she may answer, is the business of a drama, not photography of fact. If this is a legitimate ideal, the contrivances must possess a measure of novelty and general interest. The subject of this play, the antagonism between the Doctor and the Outsider, may have seemed topical eight years ago at the original production. But since official recognition in the form of knighthood has been bestowed on eminent manipulative surgeons, much of the interest of the theme has evaporated. Although there is plenty of good authority, which starts, perhaps, with Philoctetes, for the choice of physical disability for a theatrical subject, many people like it no better than the discussion of surgical details at dinner. Since our boyhood we have all loved Lalage "dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem." Even when Miss Elsom lends her her beauty, we like her less—painfully limping.

The event of a week that has seen the production of three not very distinguished plays is the promise of a Cochran-Craig alliance. I have the no doubt blasphemous conviction that it is Mr. Craig who will learn more from the connexion. The first-fruits of the union are promised in the form of a Purcell opera. That would be charming. But the later offspring that is foreshadowed—'Romeo and Juliet' and another play by Shakespeare—bear less sign of originality. Nor can I imagine that either Mr. Craig or Mr. Cochran can add anything new or improved to Mr. Robert Loraine's version of 'The Father.'



## THE FILMS

## MANSLAUGHTER AND POGROM

BY MARK FORREST

*For the Defense.* Directed by John Cromwell. The Plaza.*Two Worlds.* Directed by F. A. Dupont. The Dominion.

THE film at the Plaza sees William Powell once more installed, on this occasion with Kay Francis as his leading lady. It comes as somewhat of a shock to find the word 'defence', displayed with an enormous "s" outside the cinema, and the film labelled "The finest murder trial of all times," or words to that effect, when the case is one of manslaughter. This American spelling and publicity are calculated to make inaccurate minds over here still more inaccurate. The story of the film is yet another tale of the American law courts, which appear to me to grow more and more extraordinary in their methods; indeed, to such an extent has William Powell reduced the criminal courts in this picture that the Attorney for the State cannot get a conviction of any kind. Exactly why this should be so is not at all clear, which perhaps is just as well, but everything continues to go William Powell's way until the lady with whom he is in love goes out motoring with a young man. He is so much in love with her that he is nearly speechlessly drunk and between them they run over a man. The young man conceals the lady's part in the affair and at her behest William Powell undertakes his defence.

Film law is a law to itself. The State Attorney, to whom some kind friend should lend a copy of Watson's 'Laws of Evidence,' produces a ring that was found in the young man's car and William Powell, recognizing it as belonging to his lady and determined for her sake to get the young man off at any cost, breaks the law and bribes a juror. The corruption is discovered, but in return for his plea of guilty the State Attorney drops the case against the young man. The lady, however, announces her intention of waiting for William Powell until he comes out of prison, so all presumably will be well sometime. The film is excellently directed, recorded and acted, but there must be better stories about for William Powell than this.

Mr. Dupont, who directed 'Atlantic,' is responsible for one of the films at the Dominion, but 'Two Worlds,' which has been made in three languages, is remarkable chiefly for the photography of Mr. Rosher. The direction is jerky and the story unfolds itself in a very leaden fashion. The theme is that of Jew and Gentile in Poland during 1917, when the town in which the action takes place is a centre for Austrian and Russian attack and counter-attacks. Randle Ayrton, as the old Jewish clockmaker, whose daughter shelters and then falls in love with a young Austrian officer when the Russians are pursuing him, gives a fine performance, and C. M. Hallard, as the Austrian colonel and young man's father, also acts well; but John Longden and Donald Calthrop are not very convincing in their respective rôles of the lover and the old Jewish bootmaker. Norah Baring has little to do as the Jewish girl.

The picture for a change has an unhappy ending, and the two young people from different worlds go their separate ways: a logical conclusion and one which does not pander to the tiresome convention that a film is not a film unless everyone behaves exactly as he wouldn't in real life. Together with 'Two Worlds' 'The Love Waltz' is being shown, but considering that Eric Pommer is responsible for the production, the result is extremely disappointing.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS,  
NEW SERIES—II

A. *The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Ten Guineas and a Second Prize of Five Guineas for the best literary review submitted.*

Competitors may review any book advertised in the issues of the SATURDAY REVIEW for October 4, 11, 18 and 25; and the review may be laudatory, ironical, critical, or damnatory, but not libellous.

The entries may be of any length up to, but not exceeding 1,000 words. MSS. which exceed 1,000 words will be automatically disqualified; and all MSS. must be accompanied by the coupon (which will be found on the last page of this and subsequent issues) or they will not be submitted to the judges.

It is requested that competitors (a) adopt a pseudonym and (b) keep a copy of their MSS. Every effort will be made to return MSS. at the close of the competition, on receipt of a stamped envelope and the actual name and address of the competitor, but the SATURDAY REVIEW cannot hold itself responsible either for the safe receipt or the return of MSS. submitted.

The closing date of this competition will be Monday, November 10; and it is hoped to announce the result in the issue dated December 13.

All MSS. must be addressed to the Competition Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, and every envelope must be marked legibly in the top left-hand corner, "Competition 2A. The Editor's decision is final.

B. *The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea, for the best ode, in not more than 25 lines, to the Return of the Female Waist and Long Skirt after an absence of some years.*

For this competition no coupon is required, and the closing date is October 27. Entries should be addressed to the Competition Editor at this office, and legibly marked 2B in the top left-hand corner of the envelope. The result will be announced in the issue of November 8.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 239

SET BY BERNARD CAUSTON

A. "Before a fool's opinion of himself the Gods are helpless—aye, and envious, too!" (J. Branch Cabell's 'Jurgen'). A First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best corroborative testimony, preferably autobiographical, but not necessarily an authentic, quotation from the lips of one of the world's self-styled Great Men, named or unnamed. No living personage should, however, be allowed to involve the SATURDAY REVIEW in litigious consequences. An outside limit of 250 words must be set, but the entry of one sentence, if sufficiently poignant, would not disqualify a competitor.

B. A contemporary revue features in the Madame Tussaud's of the future a wax effigy of the late Edgar Wallace, who is described as having turned his Master Mind against the forces of society and become the world's most famous criminal. A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best epitaph in verse of not more than twenty-five lines, in English or Latin, on the tomb of this master crook.

Competitors are asked to note that the Short Story Competition, with prizes of 25, 12, and 6 guineas, remains open until November 3; and for Dominion competitors until April 4, 1931.

## REPORT FROM MR. CAUSTON

239A. Evidently mortals, too, are daunted by the egoism of the great, for entries were sparse and for the most part aimed at the sort of flat and blatant complacency, devoid of those higher flights of arrogance which are more susceptible to dramatic irony. Apocryphal politicians and magnates made a poor showing; Dickens and Fielding yielded quotations from 'Martin Chuzzlewit' and 'Jonathan Wild,' but none of the entries quite justified an award this week.

239B. This sepulchral subject attracted quite a queue. W. G. offered verse in the true heroic tradition, scarcely qualifying, however, for the purposes of a memorial tablet, which G. King, in a neat effort, came nearer to achieving. The nemesis that awaited upon the G.O.M.'s defection from the cause of light was treated with becoming gravity, Miss N. M. Bennett casting the direst sulphurous warnings of the hereafter in rather uneven stanzas while N. B. perpetrated some ingenious puns on the titles of some of the Fallen Angel's recent West End successes. The Addite deserves mention for the most respectable of Latin epitaphs submitted. B. Hillyard's succinct inscription I would recommend for a first prize of £1 is., while Mr. James Hall, forging ahead in his first four lines, though later losing ground, merits a consolation prize of 10s. 6d., and G. King as runner-up receives the same:

## FIRST PRIZE

Here lieth one, who by his gory diction  
Won fortune, and the heart of two worlds' youth.  
Then, wearied by the bloodless crimes of fiction,  
He turned his master-mind—and made them truth.

B. HILLYARD

## SECOND PRIZE

Wallace, once crooked, straight lies here  
Who, in his sixty-seventh year,  
Threw up all writing, so 'tis said,—  
Except one kind—and forged ahead:  
And the world's greatest crook became;  
No one could touch him at the game.  
In every genre did he lead,  
With, for his guardian angel, Speed:  
Thro' banks he went, avoided jails,  
Told the detectives they were snails:  
The Mint, a goldsmith's, sundry drapers  
Made one night's work for him;—the papers  
Spoke of his work, as once of old  
Calling it clean-cut, daring, bold!  
How little did we guess his hour  
Would strike for him in London's Tower—  
Lured by the Jewels of the Crown,  
He thither crept and—sat him down  
To read a book—'The Four Just Men';  
And when he raised his eyes again,  
The judge remarked, "Don't like his looks;  
Just make him read thro' all his books!"  
And this short sentence, spoken grim,  
Proved to be much too long for him.

JAMES HALL

## THIRD PRIZE

He died, whose pen unstriving wrote of strife,  
Horses he loved, and after horses, crooks.  
He wrote best-sellers, then desired the life  
That he had found so lurid in his books.  
He died. Reader, be warned by his conviction,  
And learn, as you recall his execution,  
The grave disparity of fact and fiction  
Or find, like Edgar Wallace, retribution.

G. KING

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

## DO DOCTORS FAIL?

SIR,—I believe that doctors fail more often than not. Therefore it is important that their powers should not be extended. Although I have been an invalid for years, I have not allowed doctors to experiment upon me, and to this I largely attribute my survival. I consider that a better service of trained nurses and midwives, and fewer doctors, are required.

I am, etc.,

Exmouth

H. WYNTHAM

## DOCTOR OR DETECTIVE?

SIR,—Dr. Graham Little has misunderstood me, as I think he will himself agree if he reads my article again. In his criticism of the malign influence of our new bureaucracy, I am entirely at one with him. Where we differ is that I can see nothing inherently wrong in the capitation method of payment, which is all that the "panel system" implies. Had the doctors under the National Health Insurance Act been paid on a salary basis, or on a "per attendance" basis, the method of administration remaining the same, I believe that the evils we both deplore would have been no less.

My criticism of the Insurance Act seems to Dr. Graham Little "very much like saying that 'Hamlet' would be an excellent play if it were not for the character of the Prince of Denmark." I suggest that a truer analogy would be afforded by a criticism of a performance of 'Hamlet,' to the effect that "there is nothing the matter with the play, but there is a very great deal the matter with the way in which it was acted and interpreted."

Your correspondent is surely "incorrect" in denying that the fourteen million panel patients constitute a majority of "the men and women of this country." The forty-million figure which he quotes includes not only men and women, but children also. My main point in writing, however, is to assure Dr. Graham Little that I am an independent ally, not an enemy—not even a neutral.

I am, etc.,

QUAERO

## DIRECTORS AND ECONOMY

SIR,—In a recent issue you refer to the slump in retail business and the "drastic step" which some of the big London stores have taken in imposing an extra week's holiday—without wages—on their staffs.

Turning to my financial paper I find that the market price of the £1 Ordinary shares of two of the largest of these concerns stands round about 59s. and that they have been paying dividends of from 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. on them.

Surely it cannot be that such prosperous companies—whose capital runs into millions—would seek to recoup themselves at the expense of their defenceless staffs, who, after all, earn the money to pay such princely dividends?

Even supposing £20,000 is saved by such means, this only represents a fraction of 1 per cent. on their issued capital, and it appears to me, as an outsider, that the shareholders could much better afford a trifling reduction in their dividends than could the thousands of employees afford the loss of a week's income.



True that the directors are standing in and losing a week's fees, but if, as is probable, they are large shareholders, it would possibly entail a much smaller sacrifice on their part, than a slight reduction in their dividends.

I am, etc.,

ONLOOKER

### TITHE AND AGRICULTURE

SIR,—Like your correspondent "Coulmere," having bought land subject to tithe, I neither expect nor desire that it should be relieved from this payment—all I ask for, like many other tithe-payers, is that the reduction in values due, largely, to the additional burdens laid upon the land by the legislature, should be shared fairly between the active partner, the landlord, and the sleeping partner, the tithe-owner.

Since the war the cost of upkeep in East Anglia has doubled, and rents are lower than they were in 1914, while tithe has increased about 40 per cent.; thus, in terms of money, the landlord is much worse off than he was sixteen years ago, while the tithe owner's position is considerably improved.

It is very unfortunate that, in regard to tithe generally, the question of the uses to which it is put is brought in, for this, as your correspondent points out, has nothing whatever to do with the matter.

I am, etc.,

Scarcroft, Nr. Leeds

C. F. RYDER

SIR,—One of your correspondents suggests that I exaggerate the grievances of tithe-payers. As he says, tithe was no doubt taken into consideration when my predecessors bought the land which I now own. I am ready to agree they would have paid a higher price had the land been tithe free. Since that time, however, there has been a decline in the profits to be drawn from this kind of property, and my chief complaint is that the charge upon it has not declined proportionately. My grievance is, I maintain, reasonable. My predecessors purchased certain acres in the belief that they would have to pay away a tenth of its annual produce, yet I am obliged to part with more than half its assessed annual value.

Your correspondent, I note, thinks that what the tithe-owner does with the money is no concern of the tithe-payer. I can only say that I am of a contrary opinion. If the rates and taxes I am obliged to pay are used for purposes which I consider idle, I am entitled to raise my voice in protest. The destination of the tithe is equally a matter for criticism. Your correspondent probably shares my dislike of paying income tax, but I imagine his indignation would be increased if he found that large sums were being disbursed from the Treasury for the upkeep of, say, a corps of halberdiers and bowmen.

For the rest, it is certainly true that land is allowed to go out of cultivation in order to escape the burden of the tithe. The owner's object in these cases is to reduce his assessments, and payment of tithe in excess of two-thirds of the assessed annual value cannot be enforced. The fields are not, of course, thereby de-tithed, but the charge on them is reduced in practice.

I am, etc.,

Doles, Andover

W. DEWAR

SIR,—Your original correspondent, who asked why the whole nation should continue to pay tithe to the Church, which only represents one-tenth of the nation, is nearer to the facts than perhaps he is aware. The latest calculation is that of Arch-

deacon A. E. J. Rawlinson, who states in his 'Church of England and Church of Christ,' p. 87, note (Longmans, 1930), that the Church of England is no longer representative of more than one-twelfth of the whole nation!

Now tithe has from time immemorial been paid by the State to the Church in recognition of the State Church and the State religion. Do the bishops any longer regard the State Church as such? The Lambeth Conference at least does not. For example, the Report, in opposition to the New Testament at Romans viii, does not regard the State as supreme in going to war for the national safety. Nor do the bishops differentiate between the black and white races. They do not accept the State's terms in the marriage contract, which are based on our Lord's words in Matt. v. 32, xix, 9; 1 Cor. vii, 15.

More than that. Under the Enabling Act the Church contracted that if any measure of theirs were refused by the State it would automatically be dropped. What about the rejected Prayer Book? It is "fully authorized" for the diocese of Canterbury and regarded as of "no statutory authority whatever" in the diocese of York; whereas all three books are running over the diocese of Truro! Yet this solemn defiance of the terms of contract with the State Mr. Poyntz Sanderson would apparently describe as "ethical"! I may add that the Deposited Book was accepted as the basis of doctrine by the Lambeth Conference (see this month's *Churchman*, National Church League, Fleet Street, 1s. 6d.), and that as a result the Conference elected to reunite, if possible, with all Catholic, but not with Free Church ministries (see Dr. Chas. Brown's letter to *The Times*, Sept. 30). Politically, the Conservative Party has been hitherto the Church Party. Now, split in two by the bishops' action, where is the Church or Conservative Party to-day? As a keen French observer has shown, the Lambeth Conference is the first nail in the coffin of the Establishment.

I am, etc.,

The Rectory, Devizes

A. H. T. CLARKE

### QUIS CUSTODIET?

SIR,—Surely "Well of English" is one of loneliness in believing "Protagonist" to be neither Latin nor Greek. It is pure Greek, meaning Prime or First agonist in the line or cast. Hamlet was protagonist in 'Hamlet' and the Victory was protagonist at Trafalgar. The Greek is simply *protagonistes*.

I am, etc.,

OLD-FASHIONED LADY

### IS ART DYING?

SIR,—Mr. Adrian Bury is to be highly commended and supported upon his attitude towards the rubbish that is being marketed as modern art. In his fine enthusiasm I shall expect him to sometimes overreach the mark with his artillery. I feel that he has done so in the case of the figure drawings of Mr. Gaunt, in 'London Promenade.'

Sounds are beyond the ear when you are deaf. Agreed, the architectural drawings are beyond adverse criticism, but are not the figure drawings also beyond the standard of the beauty-and-still-more-beauty complex? They should not be confused with the sugary veneer that the popular illustrator would have got busy upon. Mr. Gaunt did not set out to give us the crowd in that sense. He was after a deeper and more abiding quality, that is not so evident at a brief glance, for Mr. Gaunt is not a thin man.

Anger, ridicule, contempt, irony, jest and positive truth are to be found in these sketches—with brevity. They are, in technical achievement and absence of the superfluous, a distinct lesson to the complete-store-catalogue-artists who preponderate as the witty

delineators of our time. He is accused of French and German influences because he has sat at the feet of the masters of caricature—the masters of French, and German caricature—Hogarth, Rowlandson, Little Cruikshanks and Thackeray. I do feel these drawings are true to life and character. 'The Film Club' (80) penetrates very deep into the shallow souls, particularly of its females. 'The slights at the corner' (114) contaminate, so that we pass by on the other side. I will admit there are few winners in 'Derby Day' (63). As for 'The crowded shop that is empty' (131), this is a masterpiece for technical achievement, and would have satisfied even the immortal wizard of lights magic and the human tragic himself.

Shipley, Sussex

I am, etc.,

ANTON LECK

## IN GENERAL

SOMEWHAT arbitrarily, the present year has been chosen to celebrate the centenary of the Romantic movement in France; and the celebrations have intertwined, not inappropriately when one looks broadly at the history of ideas, with those of the fall of Charles X and the conquest of Morocco. Certainly, 1830 was a stirring year, and it makes a good vantage-point from which to survey that fever of ideas and sensibility, in life and art and letters, which is termed Romanticism. One's thoughts turn, of course, to that strange night in February when 'Hernani,' behind the dark walls of the Théâtre Français, stirred up a battle that epitomized the wider clash of old ideals and new without—a night which is certainly a good reason for choosing 1830 as the crucial year. What a spectacle that must have been! There were five hundred fierce Hugoites there, determined that 'Hernani' should not only be heard, but accepted as the true revelation; their cards bore the printed password "*Hierro!*"—for they were to be men of iron; and as they collected there in the gathering dusk their outlandish appearance certainly startled the sober citizens. The famous scarlet satin waistcoat of young Gautier was but one of many portents—their costumes, said one eye-witness, belonged to every century and every country, and they favoured every fashion save that of 1830: fierce beards, long hair, Spanish cloaks, Robespierre waistcoats, Henri III caps, what not. . . . And the entr'actes—the fisticuffs, the insults, the smashing of benches. . . . The evening well deserved its centenary.

My own celebration of these alarums has been quiet and studious. I have been reading two vivacious books by M. Louis Maigron, published some twenty years ago, which are not very well known in this country, but deserve to be so: for they throw many unfamiliar lights on the history of the Romantic movement in art and literature, more particularly as that movement influenced the ordinary life and morals of the time. The first (the only one I have here space to write of) is '*Le Romantisme et les Mœurs*'; and the second, no less interesting but of smaller scope, '*Le Romantisme et la Mode*.' They are erudite works, both of them, but M. Maigron wrote with a clarity and a certain grave humorosity which keep the whole theme in sound perspective. And in his attempt to reconstruct the moods and mental states of the Romantic period he drew not only upon the characteristic authors of the time, remembered or forgotten, but also on a remarkable collection of unprinted private letters, diaries and the like, written by various young men and women who were very clearly reflecting, more or less instinctively, the intellectual and moral influences that filled the air. These are of remarkable interest. They were penned mostly by people of no very marked individuality, and are, therefore, all the more valuable as documents. They are illustrations

of an average state of mind, in people whose age made them particularly subject to the contemporary currents of feeling and thinking. They included students, lawyers, Government officials, and, of course, their womenfolk—in fact, the best raw material one could find to fashion a picture of how Romanticism in its flood tide looked, when it had percolated through to the lives of ordinary men and women from the altitudes of the Chateaubriands, the Byrons, the George Sands, the Hugos, and the innumerable lesser fountainheads.

Hypertrophy of the imagination, hypertrophy of sensibility, went hand in hand: everywhere were signs of the cult of exoticism (the Gothic ages, the glowing Orient, the macabre), as of the artificially sustained exaltation which can be seen in the extraordinary outpourings of Alexandre Dumas to his mistress Mélanie W—, the frenzies of Berlioz enflamed by the beautiful Harriett Smithson, or in the cult of the nobility of suicide. An impatience with everyday life that rose to disgust and fury; a clash between day-dream and waking reality; a confounding of passion with moral force; a view of passion as the true source of nobility and virtue; the hatred of anything that stands in the way of a free exercise of individual feeling or desire, with the resulting mood of revolt against social institutions—these characteristics had their roots further back than the Romantics proper. But the eighteen-thirties saw their fine flowering.

Love, of course, is a dominant theme in the weltering Romantic symphony. But how strange, uncouth and fantastically the passion could become! M. Maigron has many strange burnt-out relics to show. One is a curious correspondence, preserved among some family papers, of a love affair conducted on strictly Sandian principles. Another document, from a different source, is worth quoting:

She loves me! She loves me! Tell me, can you grasp that bare idea, you who know her? She loves me! Yet 'tis true, she told me this evening, when the sun was about to sink behind that little hill where we walked so often. I thought I would go mad! Gently she bowed her head, her hand yielded to mine, and her voice, her angelic voice, murmured (oh! I really heard it!)—"Adolphe, I too love you!" And then I knelt upon the ground; I bit the hem of her dress with all the strength of my teeth; I longed to roll in the dust, to shout, to laugh, to howl like a damned soul. . . . Then I rose and put my arm round her frame. . . . Oh, I pressed her, I pressed her! Round her waist my arms held her like vices. She turned pale, and I fancied she might swoon. . . . "Oh Adolphe," she murmured, "you are hurting me!" Hurt her! I! That angel of goodness! A thousand curses! Hurt her! Gently I laid her on the turf where we were, and fanned her with my handkerchief, speaking words of madness and tenderness in her ear. . . . She smiled to me, she forgave me; and then, still at her feet, I punished myself for having been brutal, even through love. My fists thudded on my breast like hammers on an anvil. . . . I foamed with fury. She did not wish me to continue. But I did not heed her. and the blows still rained like hail. Never did monk beat out his *mea culpa* so furiously. . . . Then she threatened to go; and I stopped. . . ."

What a scene! And there are three more pages of it! Do you suppose that this is extracted from a fifth-rate novel of the time? Not at all: it is merely an extract from a private letter written on May 20, 1836, by a young gentleman in the provinces informing a friend of his engagement, and extolling the charms of his betrothed Mdlle. Madeleine S—. How he contrived to keep up this pitch in the days that followed history does not record. Perhaps a gravestone somewhere does.

The Romantic movement offers an excellent field for anyone exploring the influence of literature on life—say, rather, their inter-reactions—and M. Maigron's detailed studies of the theme are probably unique. I certainly recommend them as books of singular penetration and entertainment.

QUINCUNX



## NEW NOVELS

*On Forsyte 'Change.* By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*The Fool of the Family.* By Margaret Kennedy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*Strong Poison.* By Dorothy L. Sayers. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

*The Back-to-Backs.* By J. C. Grant. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

*Brother to Bert.* By Charlotte Haldane. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

*Out of the Window.* By Madeline Linford. Benn. 7s. 6d.

IT is difficult not to approach sequels in fiction with something of that feeling of faint resentment which one has towards nice, but over-friendly, next-door-neighbours. Readily one admits that they are charming people; they have done all kinds of interesting things and visited the queerest of places: it was quite exciting the first time we heard about it. But life is short and really we thought we had listened to—and settled—most of their problems last Sunday week, when they came to tea and stayed to supper.

Perhaps Miss Kennedy suspected that some readers are suspicious of novels which are perpetually "to be continued." At any rate, she has certainly spared no effort to ensure that we shall give undiminished attention to the Sanger family as they follow in the Forsyte footsteps. Lest her own gift for easy, vivid character-drawing should prove insufficient, she has packed her latest novel with every possible adventitious attraction. Readers like Incident: let a Fascist Marchese be ambushed, a car flung over a precipice, a ballet be produced, a baby die. Romance? There are amours here, abundant if not significant. Colour? To be sure; here is Venetian moonlight blue, the crimson grandeur of the Dolomites, dappled green on the English countryside. In London, even, there shall be the yellowest of fogs. Miss Kennedy is lavish, inexhaustible.

'The Fool of the Family' is Caryl, cautious, unimaginative by comparison with his brother Sebastian, who faithfully maintains the Sanger tradition of tempestuous musical genius. (We like, indeed expect, our great men to be wayward—in fiction, at any rate.) While playing the piano at the Lido Pier Cinema Caryl meets young Fenella McClean, who combines "innocence with a divine eagerness for life." They conceive a mutual and instantaneous passion, abruptly interrupted when Fenella's parents take fright and whisk her off to the Adlersee.

Caryl joins Sebastian and his mistress Gemma in tramping with a donkey and a marionette show. When they arrive at the Adlersee and again encounter Fenella, she succumbs, not to Caryl but to Sebastian, with his easy charm and unconscious talent for exploiting other people's admiration. Fenella finally carries off Sebastian on an elopement which proves a failure almost before it has started, and is in turn carried off by Caryl, who, one is to presume, will marry her and leave Sebastian free to return to his mistress and his music. Free, perhaps, too, to continue the Sanger Saga.

A number of old acquaintances are also encountered this week in 'On Forsyte 'Change,' which bridges the gap between 'The Forsyte Saga' and 'A Modern Comedy.' Mr. Galsworthy prefaces this collection of family incidents spread over the years between 1821 and 1918 with an apology to "a long-suffering public and still more long-suffering critics."

Such a series of chronological studies, requiring of the reader previous acquaintance with their context, needs no recommendation to those who have followed with interest the fortunes of the House of Forsyte. If the younger generation has been inclined to fancy

Mr. Galsworthy's picture of them as sketched, however sympathetically, too much from the outside, they, in turn, are inclined to depict those of their elders who propped up the "home front" of 1914, somewhat indiscriminately as "the hard-faced men who did well out of the war." But "Soames Forsyte Sees it Through" is not the theme of the concluding incident in this book, which, as Mr. Galsworthy's admirers might have expected, shows instead the sensitive patriotism of a civilian to whom vicarious heroism seemed repugnant.

The detective stories of Miss Sayers never fail to be both ingenious and amusing. The victim of 'Strong Poison' is a novelist, and the innocent girl charged with his murder (by means of arsenic) is the writer of a detective story about murder by means of arsenic. Into which Pirandellian maze enters Lord Peter Wimsey, who takes his deductive method from Holmes and his humour from Psmith and Bertie Wooster. With his women assistants he tracks down the real murderer, but readers who hope to do the same, working on the same clues, will need to have some knowledge of the ways of toxicology—which is, perhaps, expecting rather a lot.

Apart from this, however, Miss Sayers plays fair with her readers. Her great merit, for this reviewer, is that she knows How Everything is Done. None of the men and women in her books ever have to think twice about picking locks, opening envelopes while keeping the seals intact, or stealing wills from under the noses of their owners. What superb presence of mind they have, these amateur sleuths, with a lie ever ready on their lips to come to detection's aid! The reader follows them, amazed but eagerly pursuing, for the progress is ruses, ruses all the way.

"Rain had fallen in Hagger for weeks on end—hard, icy, pitiless rain, like bars of white-hot iron." So does Mr. Grant set the tone of 'The Back-to-Backs' in the opening paragraph. No detail is spared to lend colour to, or rather, to take colour away from, this study of brutality and desolation in a mining village. One would like to doubt whether life in the north-east is as grim as it is painted here, but the book is, one feels, too good not to be true. Mr. Grant has something of the late D. H. Lawrence's appreciation of significant incident and love of instinctive, sensuous beauty, but he also has a gift for the macabre which causes Mr. Liam O'Flaherty, in a preface, to describe the novel, rightly, as "terrifying." One is bound to acknowledge its qualities, even though to recommend it is something of a challenge to the reader's powers of endurance.

"Low life" of a very different sort provides the background for Mrs. Haldane's story of the exploits of "identical" twin brothers, partners in a dancing act which tours the more dismal of the music-halls. Very different, too, from Mr. Grant's sure power of putting real life on to paper is Mrs. Haldane's conscientious, if occasionally rather too knowing, document of "conditions" in cinemas and dance halls. Mr. Grant's characters leap into life; Mrs. Haldane's achieve reality in the course of many pages. Yet the book interests. Mrs. Haldane has a sympathetic eye for the difficulties of young people who must find their way in a puzzling, flashy world, with no set moral formulas or standards of value to guide them. If Bert and Len had a philosophy, it was pure hedonism, and their view of the "greatest good" was that it consisted of beer and girls. In their quests for the latter their identical appearance stood them in good stead:

... one young lady summed up their general effect when she squealed delightedly (as a right and a left hand gripped her simultaneously beneath each armpit), "going with you two fellers is really just like going with one boy. Here, stop it, will you!" An injunction which was meant to be, and properly was, ignored.

The twins, however, differed in character if not in appearance, and it was the more romantic Len who

fell in love with, and actually married, the simple and loyal Lil, while Bert went to live with a blatant and ageing music-hall star, whom he finally murdered. The book wavers curiously between its concern for careful character-drawing and, in the end, its decision to become a forthright detective story.

It was at a philanthropic drawing-room party, between social chatter and negro spirituals that Miss Linford's hero, a young trade union leader, made his set speech of appeal on behalf of locked-out workers, and incidentally made his debut in the life of Ursula Fielding, daughter of a wealthy family, whose admiration for the man's good looks is increased by sympathy for his feelings of embarrassment in unaccustomed surroundings. With a real delicacy, innocent of snobishness, and a pleasant feminine sense of humour, Miss Linford depicts their courtship and marriage. Warned that she would find herself in an anomalous position, the heroine discovers difficulties with which she could hardly have reckoned. 'Out of the Window' makes agreeable reading for those who appreciate the niceties of human relationships rather than abstract watchwords about class differences.

## REVIEWS

### THE VICTORIAN TRAGEDY?

*The Victorian Tragedy.* By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

MR. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD is a sort of Rubens among modern English historians. From his first prose work, 'The History of English Patriotism,' published in 1913 in two large volumes, he has generally preferred a branching theme and a large canvas, a crowded picture and a loose, but not structureless, design. A man of immense reading, with a preference for generalization, in lively reaction from more academic and dry-as-dust historians, he never was tempted by the self-christened "scientific" or "economic" history school, having too much poetry in him to be a Macaulay, but except for his avoidance of specialism he is closer to Green, and some would say to Kidd, than to the more politically minded Trevelyan. English history expressed in English literature is his favourite pasture, and one has sometimes wished that he would write a biography in the fancy that a definite and limited human subject would be the best discipline of his powers. In his latest work he has done the next and nearest thing. He has taken a period, and, with the reservation that I have dipped only into his previous work, the widely welcomed 'History of British Civilization,' I am inclined to think that 'The Victorian Tragedy' is, so far, his best book.

His attitude to the period can be inferred with some precision, and the inference is desirable when the nature of the period is still in debate. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, like myself, is an Edwardian—if that be the right name for people who had just finished their education when King Edward was still upon the throne. The Georgians were those who contributed to certain anthologies, and the name is confusing since it has been extended to cover younger people, including the post-war generation. An Edwardian is not a post-war product, and thus even Mr. Lytton Strachey, many of whose admirers are such a product, is an Edwardian, too. If we do not so think of him, the reason is that he caught the mood of 1918 and fixed it in his famous historical essays; but there are Edwardians more in sympathy with the Victorian attitude than he. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is one, and the aim of his book is to hold the historical scales fairly between the critics and the denigrators of Victorianism.

The period was so multifarious in its energies, so over-populated (as it were) with representatives and their abundant records, that hardly a general statement can be made concerning it without some tiresome exception coming to one's mind. In a kind of despair, and in a return to good sense, its students have been driven to split that nebulous entity into divisions. Mr. Michael Sadleir divided it historically into three. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford, not neglecting chronology, has further split it into a number of aspects, and his bundle of short chapters—the Squire; Mechanization; Mr. Bumble, the New Optimism; the Gothic Revival; the Cult of the Double Bed, for example—succeeds in giving a fairly balanced conspectus of the busy and complex scene. Upon a period which most people imagine but which some of us remember, the temptation to easy generalization is great. One of the merits of this book is the evidence that the author has himself collected: the forgotten books and periodicals from which he quotes to give life and authority to his panorama. A work almost entirely devoted to such neglected evidence would be worth having, but we have enough here to assure ourselves of the author's independent research. Mrs. Ellis is here, but not, I think, on 'Wives,' nor Mrs. A. G. Penny on 'The Afternoon of Unmarried Life,' nor Mrs. Sandford upon 'Woman,' but we have 'The Fairchild Family,' 'Bell's Life in London,' Albert Smith, pages from *Punch* and many more. The book is not long, but it is full, and makes excellent and informing reading.

After doing full justice to the Victorian virtues: the energy, concentration, the enterprise which the men of that time threw into the new resources that the discoveries of applied science and the industrial revolution had placed in their hands, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford finds them wanting in philosophy, in any attempt to adjust man to his new environment; the consequence has been that they have bequeathed a tragic situation to their successors. With enterprise and with activity they were content, rather mastered by than mastering the forces at their disposal. If this argument be considered against the background of the pages from which it emerges, it will be seen to cover much more than a summary sentence can suggest. This book gives a true and illuminating—it would be too much to say a final—picture of a very complex time, and nobody could fail to enjoy it. The Victorian home, which has excited so many conflicting feelings, is discussed under several aspects: the lights contributed by the Brownings and by Patmore, the shadows by Mr. Fairchild (Mr. Augustus Hare could have been invoked here) and by Mr. Barrett. The home, I fancy, was storm-centre of the Victorian ideal. At this moment it can be visited at the Queen's Theatre, for Mr. Rudolf Besier's play is close enough to the facts to have historical value. It makes us realize why Ibsen could be so grim, why Samuel Butler could be so bitter. The less genial Victorian parent made himself hated as no other parent seems to have been, and this fact, though there are plenty of others to set against it, explains why the reaction was so strong. In this excellent book the scales are honestly held.

OSBERT BURDETT

### THIS WAS A KING

*King Spider: Some Aspects of Louis XI and His Companions.* By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Heinemann. 21s.

DESPITE its cheap title—a trivial paraphrase of Jehan Molinet's epithet for Louis: 'The Universal Spider'—and a silly sneer at "the Masters, the Gibbons, Macaulays, Freemans, Froudes, and J. R. Greens," in the introduction, Mr. Wyndham Lewis's "series of aspects" of Louis XI is not only good reading, it is also good history; for it does give



us a study of that Maker of France which exhibits him fairly as he was, and a study of the France he made that squares with the best modern thought on the subject. Nor need we complain that he writes with a Catholic bias; for it is a Catholic king and a Catholic country he brings before us, and sympathy, as a rule, is more than half-way to understanding. Not that Louis was much troubled during his reign by religious difficulties; for when the Papacy inconvenienced him he had a crisp way of dealing with it in the mundane sphere, while paying all reverence to its spiritual powers, that was singularly efficacious and in every way worthy of his realistic mind. No man ever trusted Providence more sincerely or more crudely, but his powder was always as dry as his humour. It is only fair to Mr. Lewis to point out that he fully recognizes how intensely superstitious and bargain-making Louis' religious observance was; he merely makes the point that it was sincere, as it unquestionably was.

The reason why the character of Louis came down to us in the guise it did, until a more scientific history restored the balance, is that those who became his interpreters to the nineteenth century concentrated not upon what he did, but upon how he did it, and, being incorrigible romantics, were, of course, so immeasurably shocked that they accepted every libel at its face-value and so made an ogre of an unhappy and industrious man who did his duty by his country in probably the only way in which it could be done. If we look with Mr. Lewis upon the France that Louis inherited and then upon the France he bequeathed to his successor, we too must perforce admit that "this was a King." It cannot perhaps be said that in his review of the period and of the men and women of the period Mr. Lewis has told us anything we did not know before; the merit of his work is, that having read it, we see more vividly and understand more clearly how great a task Louis set himself and how amazing was his accomplishment. More than any king of France, before or after, Louis XI fulfilled the peculiar rôle of a French king, which was to be the supreme father of a country the social structure of which, for all its feudalism, was based upon the family, with the father everywhere the despotic head of his house, whether that house was princely, noble, bourgeois or peasant. In his subjection of the great feudatories, nearly all of whom were princes of the blood, Louis was forced to cultivate the commonalty, and so to set upon firm foundations that highly organized self-governing hierarchy of interests that M. Funck-Brentano has recently eulogized in his 'Ancient Regime.'

Mr. Lewis eschews footnotes—with a quite gratuitous sneer at those who use them—nevertheless his essays are well documented. He gives his sources both in the text and in an appended bibliography. The book, however, has no index, a serious blemish; though probably the omission is to be taken as a claim that the work is a work of art and not a book of reference. A work of art it certainly is: lively, exciting, and curiously pictorial; packed with character studies that are genuine portraits, with scenes of contemporary life that are vivid genre pictures. If only he could have omitted those acrimonious asides how much better the book would have been. Or would it? On second thoughts, probably not; for it is its temper that gives the book its character, and, after all, it is character in a book, as in a man, that counts.

*Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.*

## SHOULD WIVES WORK?

*Careers for Women.* By Leonora Eyles. Elkin Mathews. 5s.

THIS is a book which should be given wide publicity. It supplies a great need, and no woman should neglect to read it. It caters for every type of woman—those who are young and have careers to choose, those who are old and untrained and have yet to earn their living, and those who are married and need a little extra money to make both ends meet. Parents and teachers have a great deal to learn from it.

The unbounded opportunities that women have in choosing a career are not sufficiently realized and known. The ignorance of both teachers and parents on this point is surprising, and there is no excuse for it. They should take a far more intelligent interest in the choice of a career for those entrusted to them. The interest may be there, but the intelligence is sadly lacking in the majority of cases. Far too many people choose or are pushed into the wrong career because they know nothing of the right one. This lack of knowledge is criminal when one realizes that the life happiness of many is in the balance.

Psychology is a most important factor in the choice of a career. Far too little attention is paid to it even in these enlightened days. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why the workers of the present are not pulling their weight. There are too many square pegs in round holes, and the sooner this is realized and remedied the better it will be for the welfare of the world. Miss Eyles divides careers into four different classes, Mothering, Handwork, Creative, and Routine Careers, and examines the fundamental characteristics and instincts needed for each. For instance, medicine, farming, welfare and school work are in the first class, as the underlying instinct in each is a "passion and reverence for life in all its forms and a desire to make people comfortable." Those who take up any of these careers without this feeling are assuredly bound to fail. There must be a something in you that responds to the work you select, whatever it may be, and without that something you can never make a real success of your work.

Miss Eyles's idea of a Utopia is a world in which everyone works, men and women, rich and poor. There should be no kept class either at the bottom or the top of the social ladder. The well-to-do women do not take the bread out of the mouths of their poorer sisters by working, as work creates spending power. There is enough work in the world for everyone. This is excellent in economic theory, but in present-day England, with over two millions who are unable to find work, it is hard to reconcile to fact.

Miss Eyles gives excellent advice on the subject of marriage, though it is a little difficult to realize exactly what her ideas are upon this subject. She seems to contradict herself. Marriage should be looked upon as a career. So she tells us. It is certainly true that if women equipped themselves for marriage by training for it as for any other profession, there would be far fewer unhappy marriages. Women should be prepared and willing to shoulder some of the responsibility in marriage. In the poorer classes the women invariably shoulder the major part of the responsibility, but in the upper and middle classes the opposite is often the case. Miss Eyles then goes on to say that if a woman is not suited to domesticity she should carry on with her own career after she is married. Surely it is impossible to do the two things, at any rate, successfully. However, Miss Eyles believes that every married woman should work, either in the home and without a servant and nurse, or, if domestic life does not appeal to her, outside the home. This theory may not, in fact will not, have

the sympathy of many wives who are only too willing to give up their career on marriage and look after the home with the aid of others and spend the rest of the time in pleasure.

Many men also would hate their wives to work, but this attitude is a matter of custom with a great number, yet so strange is the working of men's minds that many would be horrified at their wives helping to earn the expenses of the home, but think nothing of their doing all the work in the house, the reason being, presumably, that if a woman continued with her career her interests would be in her work rather than concentrated on her home, as it is only right they should be. This, I think, is a fallacy. Surely a woman working in the home all day has a right to look for interests outside the home as a change.

JEAN SCARTH

### TRAVELLERS' TALES

*Arabian Peak and Desert: Travels in Al-Yaman.*

By Ameen Rihani. Constable. 15s.

*The Mongolian Horde.* By Roland Strasser. Cape. 12s. 6d.

*Isle of Adventure.* By Beatrice Grimshaw. Jenkins. 15s.

FROM the dawn of history Arabia has been an island of "barbarism" entirely surrounded by civilization; but if the nomad of the desert has never been conquered or cajoled by his sedentary neighbours, he has always been aware of them, and as in Mr. Rihani's fascinating story of his visit to the Yaman in 1922 we read of his talks with the Imam, in which English and French and Turkish policies were discussed, so through the ages, one imagines, the Imam's ancestors have talked over with stray visitors the policies of Babylon, Assyria and Egypt, of Persian and Greek and Roman; and have decided to have as little to do with them as possible. Nevertheless, though there has always remained a nucleus of irreconcilable desert warriors, there has been through the ages a steady stream of Arabs passing from the desert to the town to mingle with the bordering nations or to establish settled states of their own; and the little glimpse Mr. Rihani gives us of the archaeological possibilities of the Yaman demonstrates how rich in information the sites of the old Arabian civilizations will be once the age-old hatred and distrust of the "Georgy" has been overcome. Mr. Rihani is a Christian Syrian, a citizen of the United States, a traveller, a scholar and a poet, and his descriptions of the Yaman and its peoples, its present and its past, are full of life and colour; and although the British Resident at Arden welcomed him without enthusiasm, and consented to his journey with reluctance, Mr. Rihani seems to have talked politics with discretion, and in the end to have won the respect of the native ruler and the thanks of the British authorities. His story is fully illustrated.

Mr. Roland Strasser is an Austrian artist with a passion for adventurous travel, which has taken him at different times to the South Seas, to India, Siam, China, Mongolia and to Tibet. Much of the charm of the present book lies in the powerful drawings of the Tibetan and Mongolian scenes with which it is adorned. Mr. Strasser's work is known both in London and Paris, where he has held exhibitions, and where both his paintings and drawings have attracted favourable notice. Sir Michael Sadler, in the introduction he contributes, acclaims the book as the best on Mongolia he has known; and truly for vigour and pictorial power it would be difficult to rival. But there is in the text, as Sir Michael notes, a grim pessimism that, powerfully as it impresses one, is not in harmony with the lively sketches. Not even in Tibet can life be as hard and cruel as Mr. Strasser describes it.

The facts are, we feel, unquestionably as he states them; but they are interpreted to us through a sombre and critical temperament, that without actual distortion has "sicklied them o'er with the pale cast of thought." Mr. Strasser's relations with the Soviet officials at Urga were none too pleasant; indeed, in comparison, the welcome accorded him by the fiercely exclusive Llamas of Tibet might be described as affable. As Sir Michael Sadler points out, Mr. Strasser visited Mongolia at a time of unrest and of unprecedented change, and this turmoil is reflected in every chapter of the book.

Some time in the 'nineties Miss Grimshaw, then a journalist in London, first persuaded some great shipping companies to frank her passage to the East on condition that she gave them a certain amount of newspaper publicity; and then prevailed upon some important newspapers to accept travel articles from her, provided that she met her own travelling expenses. She went for six months, but the six months expanded and covered all her life. During the thirty years she has spent in and among the islands, Miss Grimshaw has seen many changes; head-hunting cannibals have become peaceful traders and cultivators; the inaccessible has been made easy of approach; and, although there are still unexplored areas and untamed peoples, a more scientific approach to the natives and their customs bids fair to make in time even the hinterlands of Papua as safe for the traveller as his home town. Miss Grimshaw has many exacting tales to tell of travel upon the rivers of New Guinea, but she is at her best when she tells of the effects of the island life upon the European and of the danger that besets the solitary among savages, not that he may long too much for his own people, but that he may come to forget and dislike them; and she tells us that as this stage seemed to be coming upon her she sold the little paradise she had created in the jungle, on Sariba Island, and came to Port Moresby so that she might be in close touch with her own people. There have been many more important books on Papua; but one does not remember any book which gives the general reader a clearer or sounder idea of European life as it can be, should be, and generally is lived in Papua and the other islands of the western Pacific.

### TWO BOOKS ON SHOOTING

*The A.B.C. of Shooting.* By Richard Clapham. Heath Cranton. 7s. 6d.

*The Art of Shooting and Rough Shoot Management.* By Leslie Sprake. Witherby. 10s. 6d.

NEITHER of these books can make a bad shot into a good one, but both of these books are entertaining and instructive, and few men will read either without learning something new.

Mr. Clapham ably sums up almost everything that can be said about shooting in two paragraphs: "A shotgun is not a weapon to aim with like a rifle. Once you try to aim you will cultivate a slow, poking style. Instead, keep both eyes open, watch your moving target, swing and shoot."

"Practise this method and the whole thing, from the gun coming up to the trigger pressing, will be an unconscious performance on your part." On the previous page he says: "Hold your gun so that the barrels are level and not tilted over, and when shooting at a crossing bird, swing the gun well forward and keep it moving until after you have pressed the trigger. Your target is moving—often very fast—and you should endeavour to give such forward allowance as to enable the shot charge and the bird to meet."

So much for shooting instruction. Mr. Clapham gets full marks here, though one is reminded of Michel-



angelo's statement that sculpture was quite easy: you just took a block of marble and cut away all the parts of it you did not want.

Every kind of shooting is described, from ferreting to deer stalking, and, though one may disagree with the author on a few minor points, such as the use of 5 or 6 shot for snipe when grouse or duck may be met (this in view of the fact that many of the finest shots in the country use 7 for grouse and pheasants), he is generally extraordinarily sound.

Some of his ideas, such as that of using beagles for putting rabbits out of covert, are distinctly original.

There are many pieces of interesting information, such as the fact that French partridges were first introduced into England in 1673, and a number of well-drawn illustrations. The statistics showing the weights of birds and exactly what they eat are very instructive.

'The Art of Shooting and Rough Shoot Management' goes into the matter of shooting and preservation of game in more detail: it is a longer book and covers less ground.

Shooting faults are shown in photographs and very exact instructions given for their avoidance.

Mr. Sprake actually trains his partridges to hide their nests: "The selection" [of a nesting site] "is instigated to a certain extent by early influences . . . Thus I have found that by adding additional bush screens to all exposed nests, year by year, there is a marked reduction annually of those foolish partridges who make their nests on bare ground."

Mr. Sprake's animal psychology almost amounts to psycho-analysis: to stop walking periodically so that the unseen hare may think herself observed and bolt, is one of the tricks he recommends. It follows that the chapter on dogs is extraordinarily good, particularly sound being his advice to those buying trained dogs: "The wise owner will, to begin with, try to attract the affection—and through this the obedience—of his new charge before he attempts to test the working capabilities of his purchase. . . . Practice with a dummy for several days will probably create the necessary liaison between man and dog." Many a man has spoilt a forty-guinea dog for an eighteen-penny hare and many another will spoil good dogs through failing to read the good sense written by Mr. Sprake.

JAMES DICKIE

## LA VILLE LUMIERE

*Paris in Profile.* By George Slocombe. Cayme Press. 12s. 6d.

OF the making of books about Paris there is no end, and this detailed profile will yield the curious reader some odds and ends of scenes and names he may not have been able to glean elsewhere. Paris is changing, and the unending succession of marionettes, who make their four little turns and disappear, gives new material to the recorders. Within his own time Mr. Slocombe has seen Paris "change from a French city to a German city." Architecturally, we presume, for the "streets are cut up into canyons of white concrete." Types may be still collected, and though he was too late for Verlaine, he saw Cecile Sorel "enthroned in a cloud of worshippers and sceptics," and Boni de Castellane, "like a man who has done everything and is now merely a marquis." He has heard and collected the little street cries of Paris, or are they only memories from the Opera Louise? He has known somebody "who had known Barbey d'Aureville." But he never mentions his disciple Leon Bloy, nor does he appear to have heard the cry that once made Paris tremble, *Vive Boulanger!* It is curious to find that the name of Isadora Duncan has entered into the calendar of those who write books about

Paris—that calendar in which Wilde and Baudelaire are written in letters of scarlet. Mr. Slocombe demands that a guide should be written to the cemeteries of Paris. "They at least have not changed their address," he lays down. But in our memory two certainly have. Wilde has been translated from the suburbs into *Père Lachaise*, and Zola, whom we saw laid in Montmartre, has been shifted to the Pantheon. Everybody cherishes some memory, and Zola's first burying is among ours; how the streets from the Rue de Bruxelles to the little cemetery under the Sacré Cœur rang to the tramp of mourning Dreyfusards and men of letters, while fierce corner groups of Royalists or Nationalists cried *à la charogne*, to be answered from the endless funeral train until the asphyxiated novelist was laid to rest under the intoxicating and sonorous panegyric of Anatole France, and the splendid climax of students and toilers, passing by long into the October dusk, threw down wreaths and flowers with the cry *Germinal!* But one must live for years close to Paris life and never miss an opportunity to add to the album. This collection is good and eminently readable, but it is as much manufactured from books as from experiences. Watching the Six Days' Bicycle Race the author dissects the aura and odour of the crowd into "*charcuterie*, sausages, choucroute, Gruyère cheese, beer, the red wine of Algiers, old newspapers, old clothes, sawdust, tobacco, worn leather, a football game, the trenches, the barricades, and the Bastille."

Notre Dame flounders through the pages "like a Gothic turtle, like a water horse, like a Leviathan, like the white whale." Instead of the damp Morgue, which once lay east of it, stands further down the river the colossal white statue of Sainte Genevieve on the bridge of Tournelle, watching for the barbarians whom her prayers periodically drive back from Paris. There are many changes well etched in a few strokes.

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The Montmartre artists are no longer "poor or free." As for the Quartier Latin, "the Latins have been driven out by the Nordics," but by Nordics read *Américains du Nord*. Only the immovable remains. "We shall never see the Champs Elysées as Manet and Mallarmé saw it, as George Moore saw it," as we saw them ourselves in the early 'nineties, filled with ambling fiacres and high-stepping equipages drawing aside from the first clock-work motor-car. America was then represented by a small quarter, by a rare dentist and a few philosophical exiles like Henry Adams, who, it is true, annexed Chartres to the States. To-day it has been bitterly said that there are more Americans than courtesans. So the book wanders along the Quays with occasional exercises in the metaphor scale. Aristide Briand is a modern Danton. Monet the painter was as Vaughan the poet. The Eiffel Tower is a meccano Colossus. But his octave does not always bear dissection. He talks of veterans of 1870 "who had fought duels with Clemenceau, and eaten dinners with Oscar Wilde." The old officers would have contemned the lifting of sword with one or fork with the other. There was only one man in the world who was an intimate friend both of Clemenceau and Wilde, and he was an Englishman, the late J. E. C. Bodley. Well-papered and printed is this book under the sign of the Cayme. Very properly, too, its sheets hail from America, where we believe all good Parisians take care to be reborn when they die.

SHANE LESLIE

## THE QUEEN

*Sidelights on Queen Victoria.* By Sir Frederick Ponsonby. Macmillan. 21s.

THE urbanity of this record of events at Court under the Great Queen will delight many. Sir Frederick Ponsonby tells us that it is made from the gleanings of his father's correspondence. The major part has been already utilized: "whenever a biography of an eminent Victorian has been undertaken I have invariably sent any relevant letter that happened to be in this collection to the biographer and often they have been found useful in filling gaps in the life or correspondence." The result gives a pleasant and interesting view, from inside, of various incidents connected with the Queen and also includes a long chapter on the negotiations, in which the Queen played so important a part, leading up to the Franchise Bill of 1884. This chapter may well prove of real importance to the student and historian of constitutional procedure.

The "Fatal Gun, 1872" incident is amusing and also instructive, as showing how small things lead to great. The upshot, after many interviews and much correspondence, was the issuing by the Admiralty of a circular "in which they desired it to be understood" that whenever the Queen or the Prince of Wales was on board the Royal yacht or any of her Majesty's ships, with the Standard flying, "the regulation firing of the morning and evening gun is to be adhered to . . . but the time is to be taken from the gun which will be fired from the Royal yacht. . . ." In this ingenious way everyone's face was saved, the Supremacy of the Queen at sea as well as the rights of the Admiralty. But what began as a trivial incident led to a serious situation in which "on the one side were the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Cabinet and the Sea Lords of the Admiralty, while on the other there was only Queen Victoria, quite determined not to give away any of her rights at sea." The visits of the Grand Duke

Vladimir (second surviving son of the Tsar of Russia) in 1871 and of the Shah of Persia in 1873 are amusingly described from very close quarters. There are some sharp words about Gladstone: "Mr. Gladstone never enables the Queen to judge of anything he speaks of in the Cabinet and never (as he ought and as she has always been accustomed to) of the different opinions held elsewhere. . . . Sir Henry must tell Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville and Lord Hartington that she will not stand such treatment. The disrespect and contempt of her position shown her she will not tolerate. . . . Sir Henry cannot overrate the Queen's indignation. Mr. Gladstone tries to be a Bismarck, but the Queen will not be an Emperor William to do anything he orders."

Sir William Harcourt was often unfortunate, but never more so than when, after Gladstone's resignation, he was summoned, through inadvertence or mistake on the part of Lord Acton, the lord-in-waiting, instead of Lord Rosebery into the Royal presence. "What Lord Rosebery's feeling must have been to see his rival summoned after he had been given to understand by the Prince of Wales that he was to be Prime Minister can be better imagined than described. But his astonishment was nothing compared to the Queen's when having, as she thought, summoned Lord Rosebery, she saw Sir William Harcourt enter the room. Certainly most people would have found the situation most embarrassing, but not for a moment was she at all disconcerted. She merely said that there had been a mistake, and she hoped Sir William would retire again while she spoke to Lord Acton." A very human book, and human nature takes on a glamour when it is exhibited in exalted quarters, so it is assured of a wide body of readers.

FRANCIS HEATHCOTE

## AVANT LE DELUGE

*The Social and Political Ideas of Some Great French Thinkers of the Age of Reason.* Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

NINE lecturers at London University (King's College) have here combined to present the brains of pre-revolutionary France. Professor Laski opens the ball; he admits the complexity of the eighteenth-century philosophy, and deduces it from a search for a new basis of authority. We start with Cartesianism and end with the general will. It is a history of the nation discovering its own existence, and therefore with its right to political power. If it is a tragedy of an *a priori* absolutism, founded on perverse theory and corrupt practice, it is equally a tragedy of meaningless generalizations, as, for instance, that man is the same in Paris as in Peking. We read Voltaire to-day; we read Rousseau; they are living people; we do not (except in schools) read Fénelon; Montesquieu has the remote solemnity of a bust in a library. Helvétius, Holbach, Morelly and Mably are curiosities for specialists and writers on political economy.

I approached this book with no preconceived ideas; when I had finished it I took down Hobbes (a dusty leviathan) with an undergraduate's marginalia. That one man said all that these people, even Rousseau, say:

There be some Rights, which no man can be understood by any words, or other signes, to have abandoned, or transferred.

The theory of the social compact, English made (though there are hints of it in Plato), was English riddled.

It was necessary to offer Bossuet as the monarchical theorist above all others. Mr. Norman Sykes has had no superlatively hard task. Mr. R. A. Jones, who follows him, deals with the more attractive Fénelon.



## ROUTLEDGE ——— KEGAN PAUL

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Professor Grant's treatment of Montesquieu takes us away from theory; for he shows how the President of the Parliament of Bordeaux, that very human jurist, a lover of friendship and the prey of shyness all his life long, based his conception of checks upon the central power on the Parliaments, and on a possibly mistaken view of the English Constitution of his time. This essay is the most illuminating in the book. There is, by the way, a misprint on page 130. "Henry VI" should be "Henry IV."

About Voltaire there is, probably, nothing new to be said. Every age has the destructive wit, who, appearing to see every side of every problem, explodes that age's shibboleths with demoniac carelessness. Professor Black says Voltaire was a realist, "no ideologue or dreamer." It was no realist that inspired the savage onslaught of the Wanderer in the second book of 'The Excursion':

Impure conceits discharging from a heart  
Hardened by impious pride!

or aroused the anger of Blake:

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;  
Mock on, mock on; 'tis all in vain!  
You throw the sand against the wind,  
And the wind blows it back again.

Professor Hearnshaw, with a discrimination born of academic training, would make hay of this association of Ferney with Geneva. His Rousseau passes through five stages; he is the undisciplined boy (1712-28), the super-tramp (1728-42), the would-be man of the world (1742-9), the inspired maniac (1749-62), and the hunted fugitive (1762-78). It may be so; but I would rather err with Blake.

Professors Wickwar and Driver bring up the rear. But after Rousseau such a quartet as Helvétius, Holbach, Morelly and Mably, even granting that the fourth book of Morelly's Code preaches a refined communism, carries little weight, as against all that has gone before. It seems a natural law that when theories have been elaborated to excess, unreasoning violence should follow. Our nation is temperamentally distrustful of theories; so we have had no September massacres. The philosopher of Malmesbury saw that an engraved title page was prefixed to his masterpiece.

The charming essay on the Abbé de Saint-Pierre (contributed by M. Paul Vaucher), a violet between Fénelon and Montesquieu, compels my admiration, even though the famous *Projet de paix perpétuelle* be disappointing.

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under" him when his pulpit was the *Star*, in Stonecutter Street, and who still accept his ministration now that he speaks to them in the *Sunday Express*, down Shoe Lane. Was there any preacher of the past who addressed such vast congregations? History records the scenes at Hatton Garden when Edward Irving came to London over a century ago, and the carriages of his admirers poured down Holborn in a continual procession. What would happen if Mr. Douglas's admirers had to attend in person at Shoe Lane? Imagination boggles at the thought.

In these "sermons on life" there is little in the everyday life of the average man and woman that is not touched upon with sympathy and understanding, and with the direct personal note that gives each sermon a curious intimacy. For Mr. Douglas wears his heart upon his sleeve, regardless of the daws; and he is never more effective than when he illustrates advice or warning or exhortation with the account of some personal experience. Perhaps the best essays in this collection are those which deal with youth, its aspirations, its strength, and its weakness; for Mr. Douglas has a curious sympathy with the post-war generation, though at times, as in the paper entitled 'Miss Samson and Mr. Delilah,' he sees that all is not well with it; that the girl at times cultivates a muscularity beyond her, and the boy a feebleness beneath him. As for the disillusionment of modern youth, Mr. Douglas would ask who are we to rebuke it, whose blunderings and incompetence have given our children for their playground and school a distracted world?

It may be that as we read we shall crave at times for stronger meat, a bitter or an acid tang to give a sharper savour to the dish. But we shall be wrong; for Mr. Douglas is addressing an audience that feels a need for just the message he brings, a message of cheerful encouragement, of hope, of promise, of homely advice for homely people perplexed by intimate and unavoidable problems. It would be impossible to say that anywhere is to be found an unworthy thought, a malicious word, or anything whatever that sins against the light.

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attuned to the proper scale, are of prime importance. Music written for viols cannot be played on violins without changing its character altogether; the two classes of instruments differ in resonance and tone, in the manner of bowing, and as a consequence in phrasing. The viol is a result of centuries of evolution, the violin came into existence as an instrument "full grown in quality and influence"; the violin is essentially a solo instrument, the viol is at its best in concerted music.

A viol has, as a standard number, six strings. It is tuned in fourths and a third, the intervals are obtained by gut strings, frets, round the neck of the instrument, it is held downwards between the knees and bowed in the opposite way to that of the violin (with rare exceptions). Its shape is not a sound basis for classification, though attempts in this direction have been made; the size of the instrument marks its place in the family. A full set of viols contains as many as seven instruments, though viol music is usually written for three or four parts, the choice of the particular instrument being dependent on its personal tone colour. Mace, in his 'Musick's Monument,' gives six as the number, but he advises the purchase of three Lyra-Viols to make the set complete. This instrument and the German viola d'amore have a set of sympathetic wire strings under the gut strings of the viol; they were played violin-wise, and produced some fine effects of brilliance; Bach and Handel use the viola d'amore for special purposes.

The literature of musical instrument construction is very extensive, dating from the earliest periods of printing to the eighteenth century, and Mr. Hayes has made full use of it. Unfortunately much of it is written for contemporaries to whom many of the most important points did not require any statement, and modern readers have lost the key to them. Mr. Hayes has brought to his task not only sound musical scholarship, but a practical knowledge of the instruments themselves; to him they are not curios seen through the glass of a museum case, but familiar sources of music. This has given him a freedom in the use of his authorities, and a surety of explanation denied to most of us. In more than one case, what at first seemed to be a misreading of the text turned out to be a particularly brilliant piece of interpretation. Slight faults no doubt may be detected, but the book as it stands is the finest contribution to musical scholarship of recent years.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*The Pavilion by the Lake.* By Arthur J. Rees. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

MR. REES has written some of the best mystery stories of recent years, alone or in collaboration; and no one who has read them will readily forget 'The Mystery of the Downs' or 'The Shrieking Pit.' In this new story a chance gift from a millionaire to a wastrel leads directly to his own death and to the arrest of his son for his murder. The millionaire is rather a stock figure—one knows so few of them that one can hardly judge of its verisimilitude—but the story is good and the explanation unexpected.

*Seeing Red. To-day in Russia.* By Negley Farson. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

THE author and his travelling companion seem to have been privileged to move freely about Soviet Russia—a most unusual thing, unless the companion was known and trusted by the authorities. As a result we have a vivid presentation of the way the people live now in Russia, from Leningrad—Moscow to Nijni-Novgorod, Astrakhan, and the Caucasus. The author observes the discomfort of the workers—twelve people in one room, and no privacy—wages about £6 a month

and prices so high that were it not for the cheap and quite good meals to be had at the Co-operative Consumers' Restaurant, life would be impossible, in Moscow at any rate. The author certainly "sees red" when he writes of the *koulak* or prosperous peasant, who is almost exterminated by now, or when he speaks of the Tsarist regime. It would be interesting to see his pre-war writings on Russia. He now writes of "these insolent creations (i.e., the Yaroslavl churches) built to the glory of God and the Tsars on the slavery of the peasants"—a piece of pure bunkum, they are mostly conventual. The social life of the people is sharply drawn—easy marriage, divorce while you wait, the intensive education of children from the age of four in Communism, love as normal and impulsive as that of animals—all contrasted with a people in queues for bread, while travellers breakfast on meringues and chocolate éclairs. The collection of anti-religious and anti-capitalistic posters is interesting, but some effort at proof-reading should have been made—Vladimer, Vladikavka, Uppenski Cathedral, rubadhka, and other common words should not have been misspelt. Yet on the whole, a valuable light on the Russia of to-day.

*Travels in Normandy.* By Roy Elston. Bell. 7s. 6d.

EVERYONE who travels—as distinguished from rushing about from hotel to hotel in motors or trains—either makes a guide book for himself or, more probably, would like to make one. Mr. Elston has wandered about Normandy to some purpose, and in this delightful book he puts his experience at the service of those who care to leave the beaten track of mass tourism and to see new places and new roads. The itineraries he suggests are excellent and his appendix with notes of fares, hotels, etc., will be found useful as a guide to the expenses that must be incurred. Knowing the places described, we like the book very much and recommend it as one to buy and keep. It is quite well illustrated.

*The Poor Law Code.* By W. Ivor Jennings. Knight. 17s. 6d.

THIS book will be invaluable to those who are concerned with our recently reconstructed organization for the relief of the poor. Now that so many attempts are being made to substitute the term "Public Assistance" for that of Poor Law, it may be thought strange that the author has retained the old title. But, although we now have Public Assistance Committees, etc., the fact remains that "the Act" is the Poor Law Act of 1930, so the old title is justified.

The Poor Law Acts of 1927 and 1930 are interesting illustrations of our legislative methods. In 1926, as Mr. Jennings reminds us, there were no fewer than 99 statutes dealing with the administration of the poor law, the earliest being of date 1601. These were consolidated into the 1927 Act. But consolidation always has the drawback that it compels the retention of much that is archaic. Mr. Jennings truly says: "The Poor Law Act, 1927, contained, and the Poor Law Act, 1930, contains, much that is obsolete in practice and more that is obsolete in terminology." So far so bad, but the consolidating Acts have not consolidated the many "Statutory Rules and Orders." Happily there are now few and Mr. Jennings's book contains a clear exposition of both statutory and departmental legislation.

The author has written an interesting introduction on the development of the Poor Law. His book should encourage people to read the famous report of 1834, which condemns outright so many of the practices to which we have returned in recent times. Mr. Jennings is not strictly accurate when he says that the Commissioners established to effect the reforms recommended in this report of 1834 "proceeded to carry out" the views of Chadwick, their secretary. Chadwick, the inspirer of most of the report, by no means approved the policy that the Commissioners adopted.





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## THE MOTOR EXHIBITION

### THE TREND OF DESIGN

BY RALPH FEILDEN

**T**HE acquisition of the new hall at Olympia, with its additional 100,000 square feet, has enabled the organizers of the Motor Show to enlarge the scope of the Exhibition and include a display of motor-boats, an historical collection of motor-cars, and a section confined to appliances and inventions essential to service stations and garages.

The keynote of the 1930 Exhibition will be price value. Cars which a few years ago would have been designated as luxury vehicles have now become the accepted type for 1931. Most of the cars and chassis which will be on view indicate the settled policy of the various firms for the coming season. Leading manufacturers have already released details of new models, or improvements to the existing range of vehicles, and enough has been disclosed to show that for quality and completeness of equipment combined with price, there has never been such value offered as at the forthcoming Show. The buyer will find that the problem of selection will be more difficult than in past years. The most sensible way to purchase a car is to jot down details such as price, power, seating capacity, type of body, etc., and then to make a final choice by means of a process of elimination.

Engines must be the first criterion for valuing the average car. During the past few years there has been a steady trend from four to eight cylinders, the respective percentages at the 1929 Show being 53 per cent. of the "sixes" and 18 per cent. of the "eights" against 29 per cent. of the four-cylinder models. This year there will probably be a gain in "eights" and a small decrease in "sixes"; while the sturdy four-cylinder engine seems likely to hold its own. Fashions in valve layout are changing. The overhead valve is yielding place to the side-by-side valve, but the detachable head is a settled, and useful, feature. Coil ignition has almost ousted the trustworthy magneto, and the water pump and plunger form of oil pump seem to be gaining favour.

The unit form of engine, clutch housing and gearbox is universal practice, while the vacuum servo-assisted brake seems to be as much a commonplace as four-wheel brakes and underslung springs. Wire wheels are ousting those of the steel artillery type, but purchasers would do well to consider the merits of the latter wheel—it is far easier to clean than the wire wheel. Hydraulic brakes are standard on many models, and there is variety in such details as fuel feeds and carburetter layouts.

There are no notable departures from the simple and reliable wet or dry type of plate clutch. A distinct fashion is the fitting by a number of makers of a "twin top" or "silent third" gearbox. Translated into non-technical language this means that in a four-speed gearbox the third speed is as silent in operation as is the "top," or fourth speed. The popularity of this form of transmission is natural, as a car so fitted is easy to handle, especially in traffic, and quick acceleration is available when desired. The freewheel, after a promising start, has not made much progress, but the Studebaker method of incorporating the freewheel inside the gearbox, where it receives adequate lubrication, should renew public interest in a fitment which makes gear changing an easy, and foolproof, operation.

Easy gear changing and silent indirect ratios are the chief claims for most of the 1931 models. The self-changing gearbox, first marketed by Armstrong-Siddeley, is attracting considerable attention, while the "fluid clutch," introduced by the Daimler Company, has manifold advantages. It is, however, a

matter for regret that this type of clutch will, for the present at any rate, be confined to high-grade expensive vehicles.

The electrical equipment of cars is now being studied very closely and the modern tendency is to group the minor controls at, or about, the steering column. A larger use of electric and electro-magnet controls is being featured this year. The grouping of the controls on the steering wheel gives a very much cleaner-looking dash.

Olympia has always been noted for the design, quality and finish of bodywork. In these days cars can be divided into two categories—cheap and "super." The cheap, or mass-produced car, is invariably fitted with a range of bodywork by the manufacturer who has gauged market requirements to the extent of supplying the public with the types of bodies demanded. The "super" car is sold as a chassis, as most people who are in a position to pay £1,000 and more for a chassis usually like to have a body which strikes an individual note. Meanwhile, the average buyer will note that there is a remarkable range of inclusive body fitments in chromium plating and stainless steel. It is pleasing to note that unsplinterable glass, hitherto fitted at extra cost, is now incorporated as standard practice. This is a safety move in the right direction. So far as bodywork is concerned it would appear that 1931 will be known as the sliding roof year. The sliding roof is a British invention and the main reason why it is so popular is because the average Briton is a lover of fresh air. Once the motorist has become used to this type of roof he, or she, will not willingly revert to the fixed head saloon. Nearly every British manufacturer will supply a saloon with a sliding roof at an additional cost of £10. Concerning this fitment, the British industry is definitely ahead of its Continental and American rivals. Two years ago the fabric body was all the rage and keen observers stated that the metal body would be swept off the market. These prophets were wrong. The steel body has come back into favour as it is both light and strong, while manufacturers have been able to produce it very much cheaper than was thought possible.

The gallery will be the home of tyres, accessories, and components. Here, by means of dissected or working models, are laid bare the mysteries of magnetos, coil ignition, sparking plugs, carburetters and the many things which are essential to a car.

H.M. the King has set a lead to the nation. In placing an order for five Double-Six Daimler chassis, with the new fluid flywheel and pre-selective transmission system and with Hooper coachwork, His Majesty has intimated, through the Crown Equerry, that it is his desire to stimulate British industry, which is passing through difficult times, and that he wishes primarily to help unemployment during the winter months.

The Motor Exhibition is held from October 16 to 25 inclusive, and is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.



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The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

## RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 446

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, October 16)

TWO CHARACTERS OF STERNE'S, TO ALL WELL KNOWN,  
BY LESLIE IN A FAMOUS PAINTING SHOWN.

1. Soft to the touch, the palate, or the ear.
2. Hindu ascetic! you are welcome here,
3. And this to us we beg you to expound.
4. Halve one who lived when well-nigh all were drowned.
5. State of a nestling bare from tail to head.
6. Heart of a rustic, ignorant, ill-bred.
7. Core of a field-work of the simplest form.
8. "Intelligent?" Why no, below the norm!
9. First of the drowsy syrups of the world.
10. By me in days of old great stones were hurled.
11. An Eastern coin: name known to every scholar;  
Its value, roughly speaking, half a dollar.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 444

HAUNTS OF HYAENAS, TIGERS, LIONS, BEARS,  
AND SAVAGE MEN OF WHOM WE ARE THE HEIRS.  
TORQUAY AND BRIKHAM—ALL THE SHIRE OF DEVON—  
SWEAR THERE ARE NO SUCH GROTTOS THIS SIDE HEAVEN.

1. Britannia needs none, so the song affirms.
2. I know his diet! Worms, sir, worms, worms, worms.
3. Implies, so some assert, an export trade.
4. Behead it; theirs all headless men have made.
5. The samphire-gatherer's calling this we call.
6. Stout Cortez 'twas first gave my pride a fall.
7. Great Indian epic, known by name to all.
8. Curtail a bay—or, shall we say?—a fellow.
9. Small finch, tamed easily, black, green, and yellow.
10. If licensed, he will sell you ale or stout.
11. Follows the fateful phrase, "It must come out!"

## Solution of Acrostic No. 444

B	ulwar	K
R	obin-snip	E <sup>1</sup>
I	mportatio	N
eX	i	T
H	azardou	S
A	zte	C
M	ahabharat	A
C	o	Ve
A	berdevin	E <sup>2</sup>
V	ictualle	R
E	xtractio	N

ACROSTIC No. 444.—The winner is "Ursula D'Ot," Mrs. George Touche, 85 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1, who has selected as her prize 'Staying with Relations,' by Rose Macaulay, published by Collins and reviewed by us on September 27. Six other competitors named this book, twenty chose Dean Inge's 'Christian Ethics and Modern Problems,' seven 'Sport in Classic Times,' seven Dr. Sachar's 'History of the Jews,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Lole.  
ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E. Armadale, Boskerris, Carlton, J. Chambers, Clam, Dhualt, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Gay, T. Hartland, Iago, Lilian, Madge, Martha, Met, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Sisypus, St. Ives, Tyro, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ali, E. Barrett, Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Miss Carter, Bertram R. Carter, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, Jeff, Mrs. Milne, Rabbits, Reeder, Shorwell, Stucco. All others more.

Light 2 baffled 47 solvers; Lights 9 and 11, 9; Lights 3, 6, and 10, 4; Light 7, 3; Light 5, 2; Light 4, 1.

Mrs. J. BUTLER.—Your solution to No. 442 arrived late, and was acknowledged last week.

CYRIL E. FORD.—Rack-renter, as one who exacts rack-rent, is in common use and clearly pointed at by the wording of the Light. I felt that I could not accept Rack, which is defined in Chambers's Dictionary as "one who tortures." There is a verb "to rack-rent." See the C.O.D.

N. O. S.—Enquiries shall be made, but by this time you have probably received the book. Delay was occasioned by your writing to me instead of to the Editor.

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## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

THE arrangements recently announced for the paying off of War Loan 4 per cent. (tax compounded) by the issue of short-dated Treasury Bonds have added an impetus to the upward movement in the gilt-edged market, which has been so striking a feature during recent weeks. Owing to worldwide trade depression, banks and discount houses find themselves in the possession of very considerable funds which they are unable to use in the normal manner and have had to turn to the gilt-edged market for their employment. Coupled with this fact is the general belief that money will remain cheap for a considerable period. On top of this avalanche of money coming to the gilt-edged market for investment, the arrangements above referred to indicate that the £75,000,000 at present invested in 4 per cent. War Loan will be available for other long-dated gilt-edged investments, as the assumption is that the majority of the holders will not utilize the funds they receive by repayment of a long-dated issue by reinvesting in a short-dated one. It would be indeed serious if the Stock Exchange disasters of the last eighteen months were to be added to by a serious break in the gilt-edged market, and for this reason it is hoped that prices will not continue to soar to what can be described as dangerous levels. Admittedly, in the past an era of cheap money has indicated a period of high levels for Government securities, but conditions to-day are unparalleled, and the very factors that have led to cheap money surely are those likely to undermine Government credit and so the price of Government securities.

### BRITISH CELANESE

The report of the British Celanese Company for the sixteen months ended June 30 last certainly makes far more satisfactory reading than its predecessors. Despite the fact that the period covered was one of extreme difficulty for the rayon industry, in view of the uncertainty that existed with reference to the silk duties prior to the last Budget, and the general trade depression, it is encouraging to see that the British Celanese Company were able materially to increase their profits, the net figure showing an annual earning capacity some quarter of a million pounds greater than for the previous year. It may be remembered that, although for 1929 the dividends on both classes of preference shares were forthcoming, this result was only achieved by drawing very substantially on the profits in hand brought forward from 1928. British Celanese counters are not popular on the London Stock Exchange. The ordinary shares at one time rose to a very high figure, which subsequently proved unjustified, while profits have never approached original estimates. At the same time, the balance sheet now issued certainly justifies the hope that this company has turned the lane of depression and is steadily forging ahead to a prosperous future. In these circumstances, the 7½ per cent. convertible debentures of the company certainly appear to possess possibilities,

and might be considered by those who favour this class of holding and realize that the high yield their present price shows is due to the element of risk entailed. Moving to the company's preference shares, a similar opinion can be expressed. As for the 10s. ordinary shares, although there appears no justification for a higher level in the immediate future, it would not be surprising if in two or three years' time they were not standing at a materially higher level than that ruling to-day. A purchaser of any of these counters, however, should bear in mind the element of risk involved, which is accentuated by the fact that allowances for depreciation and obsolescence have not been over-generous.

### AUSTIN MOTORS

The strength of the position of the Austin Motor Company, as disclosed in the recently issued balance sheet on July 31 last, draws attention to the attractions of the various classes of shares of this company. It will be remembered that owing to a change in the company's financial year, this balance sheet only covers a period of seven months to July 31. During this period the trading profit amounted to £858,136. The balance sheet shows that the total assets of the company amount to £4,926,692 and the liquid assets to £2,528,560.

### GROSVENOR HOUSE

The recent issue of £1 7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares of Grosvenor House (Park Lane) Limited, did not meet with much public support, with the result that approximately three-quarters of the issue was left in the hands of underwriters. This has led to the shares being procurable in the market at some 2s. 6d. discount, at which level, in their class, they certainly appear an attractive investment for mixing purposes. In the prospectus dealing with the offer for sale, attention was drawn to the fact that on the basis of the profits for the first full year's working of the company, the dividend on the preference shares was covered more than two-and-a-half times after making provision for the full service of the debenture stock, including sinking fund.

### ALLIED STORES

General conditions are still responsible for the further depreciation in price of the shares of the International Tea Stores, Home and Colonial, Maypole Dairies and Liptons, all of which companies are participating in the grocery merger, and the shares of all of which, in due course, will be exchanged for shares in the new Allied Stores. At present levels the ordinary shares of any of these companies certainly appear an attractive purchase, and the attention of investors is again drawn to this fact. Those who do not favour investment in an ordinary share of this class should not overlook the attractions of the existing 10s. Lipton preference shares which will eventually be exchanged for preference shares in the new company. At present levels these preference shares appear a sound holding.

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The first of these (three prizes  
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